

SOMETHING UNIQUE IN DAILY JOURNALISM.

The Daily

1/2d.

ILLUSTRATED

Mirror.

All the News by
Telegraph,
Photograph, and
Paragraph.

A Paper for Men and Women.

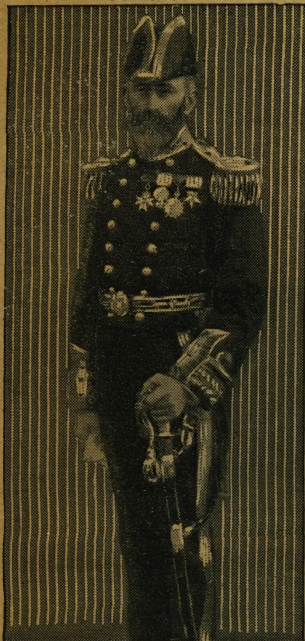
No. 150.

Registered at the G. P. O.
as a Newspaper.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 27, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

LOSS TO THE NAVY.



The death of Rear-Admiral H. J. May, C.B., head of the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, leaves a vacant place in the Navy which the Admiralty will not easily fill.—(Photograph by Mauli and Fox.)

KING'S HOSTESS TO-NIGHT.



This evening the King and Queen dine with the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, the King's brother and sister-in-law. The Duke of Connaught is the newly-appointed Inspector-General of the Army. The Duchess of Connaught is a famous sportswoman, and a delightful and tactful hostess.—(Photograph by Lafayette, London.)

THE YOUNGEST BARONESS.



The little Baroness Clifton, of Leighton Bromswold, the youngest baroness, who presented a beautiful bouquet of roses to the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, the oldest baroness, on her ninetieth birthday.—(Photograph by Speaight.)

YESTERDAY'S GREAT FIRE.



The great fire in the Minories has done damage amounting to about £100,000. An area 500ft. by 280ft. is in ruins, including the London and North-Western Goods Depot, and two large factories. Only the walls of the great warehouses remain, and among them are scattered the charred remains of railway vans and trucks.—(Special "Mirror" photograph.)

HOTEL COLLAPSES.



This four-story building, the Sagamore Hotel, in New York, at the corner of Eighth-avenue and Thirty-fifth-street, collapsed while the street was crowded. (Photograph by an American "Mirror" correspondent.)

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is: Gusty westerly breezes; some showers, fine intervals; rather low temperature. Lighting-up time: 8.15 p.m. Sea passages will be moderate on all our coasts.

TO-DAY'S NEWS AT A GLANCE.

King Edward and Queen Alexandra reached Kingstown yesterday. Loyal addresses were presented both there and at Naas, his Majesty in each case making a suitable reply. The royal party afterwards attended Punchestown Races. In the evening a large party was held at the Vice-regal Lodge, Dublin.—(Page 2.)

Ambush II., the King's horse, was a starter for the Prince of Wales's Plate at Punchestown, but was beaten out of place.—(Page 2.)

No developments are reported from the seat of war. The Russian concentration on the Yalu is completed, and it is believed three Japanese armies will shortly move on the Russian positions.—(Page 2.)

In the House of Commons Budget proposals in respect of income-tax were discussed.—(Page 2.)

M. Loubet, who is much gratified with his reception in Rome, yesterday attended a military review.—(Page 3.)

According to a Reuter Aden telegram heavy fighting has taken place between the Mullah and a tribe friendly to Great Britain, near Illig, on the Somaliand coast.—(Page 2.)

Another attempt has been made on the life of Señor Maura, the Spanish Premier, a shot being fired at the carriage of a train in which he was travelling. Señor Maura was unhurt.—(Page 2.)

There has been a sixth arrest in connection with the Slater affair. The prisoner, Cyril B. Smith, an employé of the agency, was taken before the Bow-street magistrate and remanded on bail.—(Page 3.)

Damage to the extent of £129,000 was caused by the fire in the Minories. At a late hour last evening a large staff of firemen were still at work, and some days may elapse before they can be withdrawn.—(Page 3.)

Mr. Justice Warrington, who has been appointed to the Chancery Division, commenced his duties yesterday.—(Page 3.)

Sir W. Harcourt yesterday took possession of his newly acquired estate, Nuneham Park, near Oxford.—(Page 3.)

Representatives of the retail trade held a meeting in London yesterday to protest against the new tobacco tax.—(Page 4.)

Mr. Percy Morris, a barrister-at-law, yesterday petitioned for divorce on the ground of his wife's misconduct with a gentleman stated to be of very large means. There was no defence, and after evidence had been called, Sir F. Jeune granted the request.—(Page 5.)

Frank Rodgers, the Cambridgeshire boy charged with murdering his mother, not long since saved her from a shocking death on the railway.—(Page 3.)

Sir Francis Jeune heard a sad story when Mrs. G. E. M. Chaplin petitioned for a restitution of conjugal rights. The required decree was granted.—(Page 5.)

Three thousand persons have been rendered homeless by a fire at Buczac, near Lemberg, Galicia.—(Page 2.)

Sentence of five years' penal servitude was at the Old Bailey passed upon Capt. E. G. M. Short, the ex-army officer indicted for obtaining money by false pretences. Mr. Justice Darling said the trial bore a resemblance to the Humbert case.—(P. 5.)

We publish to-day war pictures specially taken with the Russian Army at the front.—(Pages 6-7.)

Some exciting scenes were witnessed at a South-end stable fire, in which horses were burned to death. People residing in adjacent houses escaped by running into the street.—(Page 4.)

Arrested for burglary, a young man, named Foster, when searched, was found to possess a parody on Longfellow's "Village Blacksmith," written from a prisoner's point of view.—(Page 5.)

An action claiming damages for false imprisonment heard in the High Court resulted in the plaintiff, Mr. P. J. Jackson, an inventor, being awarded £1,000.—(Page 11.)

Struck by a whirlwind, a train in Bohemia was partially wrecked. Four persons were killed and fifteen injured.—(Page 3.)

In a West End street accident yesterday a cab-horse was electrocuted. The driver had a narrow escape from death.—(Page 4.)

Mr. Charles Jarrott considers the Isle of Man course selected for the eliminating trials in the Gordon-Bennett Cup race most unsuitable.—(Page 3.)

Mr. Cluer's recent comments on Haldridge Farm Colony are not, in the opinion of Salvation Army officials, justified. They contend that the system obtaining is fair, and that men willing to work are suitably rewarded.—(Page 11.)

For "Clubs and Clubmen"—their privileges and peculiarities—see special article.—(Page 9.)

A little boy has been drowned in a tub containing sixteen inches of water at Vauxhall.—(Page 4.)

An interesting afternoon's sport was seen at Newmarket. Sir James Miller won the Spring Two-Year-Old Stakes with Amite and Mr. C. D. Rose the Hastings Plate with Cades.—(Page 10.)

A much better day was experienced on 'Change. Consols recovered, and there was a deal of investment in Home Rails. South African mining shares were strong. Foreign bonds were featureless, though the tone improved towards the close.—(Page 10.)

LONDON'S £120,000 FIRE.

Warehouses Which Will Burn for Several Days.

FLAMING WHISKY AND CIGARS.

Last night the fire brigade continued on duty at the scene of the great fire in the Minories, pumping water on the ruins.

There yet remains a large body of fire under the debris, and it is expected that some days must elapse before the fire is finally extinguished.

The fire destroyed the greater part of a range of buildings 170 yards long and 100 yards wide, varying in height from eight to four floors, and caused damage which is estimated in round figures at £120,000 by the officials of the fire brigade.

One of the features of the fire was that a record number of steam fire-engines was employed in the task of extinction as far as London is concerned. No fewer than forty-eight steamers were pumping water on the flames at the height of the fire, as compared with forty-three steamers employed in the great Cripplegate fire of 1897. In the course of the fire there were many narrow escapes from serious personal injury, but two firemen only were injured, and these not seriously.

At the time that the whisky vaults caught alight and burned with wonderful fierceness, the spectacle was an extraordinary one. The flames blazed out in every imaginable colour, and as the tremendous flare from the blazing stuff roared up through the gutted warehouses above, the reflection from the fire lighted up half London.

A quarter of a million cigars and thousands of gallons of spirits were destroyed, as well as quantities of furs, books, and furniture.

Holy Trinity Church, over eleven hundred years old, which, through its connection with the family of George Washington, is a pilgrimage for many Americans, was throughout the fire in the greatest jeopardy. A body of firemen on its roof, however, repelled any advance of the fire with steady streams of water.

MISS ELLEN TERRY

Appears as an Old Woman in "The Good Hope."

Not for the first time has Mr. Mulholland's beautiful theatre at Hammersmith been crowded to the doors. Seldom, however, as it was last night, when Miss Ellen Terry appeared for the first time before the general public of London in "The Good Hope," the tragic little Dutch play originally produced by her at a Stage Society performance.

It presents her, not only in the unaccustomed character of an old woman, but in the unaccustomed surroundings of a grimly realistic scene showing a poverty-stricken fisherman's cottage on the Dutch coast.

Kniertje is the name of the poor, old fishwife whose desolate, dull, starved old age is represented by Miss Terry with a ruthless and poignant realism that one would hardly have believed possible in the bright Portia, the jovial Beatrice, or the stately Guinevere we knew. Such, however, is the magic of great art!

Old Kniertje has already lost a husband and two sons at sea. The two remaining sons have been driven by sheer necessity to join the crew of the "Good Hope," and the great scene of the play shows us Kniertje and her niece, who is about to become a mother, sitting in the cottage while a terrific storm is raging outside. As may be imagined, they wait "for those who will never come home from the sea."

The success of this study in simple, natural, real pathos was due no doubt in a great measure to Miss Ellen Terry's wonderful acting, and to that of an excellent company.

QUIET M. LOUBET.

Rather Perturbed by the Bustle of His Rome Visit.

PARIS, Tuesday.

The "Figaro" publishes an account of an interview at Rome with M. Loubet. After expressing his gratification at the cordial reception given him in Rome, the President went on to say:

"Yes, yes, I am very pleased. Why should I not be? But it is for France that I am happy, for it is to her that so many tributes are being paid."

"As for me, I hardly expected—leading a peaceful life as I do—to be mixed up in such striking events. I am glad of it for my country's sake."—Reuter.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

ROME, Tuesday.

The "Tribuna" states that the President is taking to the little Princesses Yolanda and Mafalda a number of dolls. Among other delights is a miniature dining-room furnished in Norman style, and equipped with porcelain services comprising all that the most fastidious puppet could desire, and a doll dressed peasant fashion and riding on a mule with panniers on either side overflowing with toys and doll's cups and saucers.

"It is a secret which has been rigorously kept," said M. le President, somewhat ruefully to the interviewer. "It was to have been a surprise."

KING IN A GOLD COFFIN.

SAIGON, Tuesday.

The body of the King of Cambodia, who has died at the age of seventy-five, has been placed in a gold coffin, preparatory to being cremated.—Reuter.

King Norodom had fourteen sons and twenty-two daughters, and a ruler in Cambodia over a people numbering 1,500,000. He had a very exaggerated idea of his own importance, claiming to play by Divine right. He recognised the French protectorate over his dominions in 1893.

SAVED HIS MOTHER.

Heroic Action by the Lad Charged with Matricide.

In the course of the remarkable Cambridge matricide case it was stated that Frank Rodgers, the fifteen-year-old boy charged with murdering his mother, had once heroically saved her life.

An eye-witness gives a graphic account of the incident, which happened at Royston Railway Station in January.

Mrs. Rodgers was walking unsteadily on the platform as an express was approaching, and attempted to cross the line just in front of it.

Mrs. Rodgers heard the roar, and looked up as if dazed, but Frank darted forward, getting between his mother and the express, and, seizing her body, he managed to swing her out of the path of the train.

"It was a very brave act," says the person who witnessed the scene, "for the express was only a few yards away, and both mother and son were almost drawn under the wheels by the draught."

Frank seemed to take it in a very matter-of-fact way, and said, almost apologetically, "It is nothing—anybody would have done the same."

"MIRROR" WAR PICTURES.

Specially Taken with the Russian Army at the Front.

The Mirror, through an arrangement with the Charles Urban Trading Company, will publish the latest photographs of the war in the Far East, taken from the Russian side.

Mr. George Rogers, the war correspondent of the Bioscope Company, is an American. Knowing that anyone from England would have but small chance of gaining a permit to go to the front as a photographer, he made his application from Paris. Here he waited three months before a permit to go to Russia was granted, but he had by chance met a Russian Prince, who promised to help him. After waiting three weeks in St. Petersburg he was allowed to proceed as far as Irkutsk.

At this town he was turned out of the train, on the ground that transport was needed for the military war stores. So Mr. Rogers bought a sledge and three ponies, and, fortunately falling in with a troop of Cossacks, arrived after seventeen days' travelling at Harbin, where he now is.

The photographs which we publish to-day had to be sent to St. Petersburg for censorship, and thence to the Russian Embassy at Paris, and only arrived in London yesterday morning.

SLATER CASE.

Sixth Arrest Made—Detective Admits His "Foolishness."

A sixth arrest was made yesterday in connection with the Slater detective case. The person apprehended was Cyril Broughton Smith, an employé of Slater's Detective Agency, who is accused of attempting to induce Mr. Pollard to misconduct himself at Plymouth.

All the persons mentioned in the warrant have now been apprehended.

Smith was charged at Bow-street before Sir Albert de Rutzen. According to Detective-sergeant Brown, of Scotland Yard, the prisoner, when arrested, said, "I expected this would happen. I admit I foolishly wrote letters concerning Pollard which were untrue, but I was talked into doing so, and I was anxious to send in a good report of my work."

Smith told the magistrate that he did not mean to convey the impression that he was absolutely talked into writing the letters. Such a statement as that would get the other man, who worked with him, into trouble. His co-worker at Plymouth was only a watcher, and he could not have talked him into writing these letters, as he had already said he wrote them up in a sort of report.

A remand was ordered, bail being fixed at two sureties of £500 each.

NEW JUDGE AT WORK.

Mr. Justice Warrington, who has been appointed to the Chancery Division of the High Court in succession to the late Mr. Justice Byrne, began his duties yesterday. He sat at the King's Bench side, as the Chancery accommodation has for some time been inadequate. There was no formal ceremony, but the court was crowded with counsel and the general public, and the judges' gallery was filled with ladies. The business before the Court consisted of ordinary Chancery motions.

TRAGEDY OF ERRORS.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Tuesday Night.

Helene Kramke, eighteen years old, and betrothed to a young chemist named Anton, received a week ago a letter from her fiancé which caused her to weep bitterly.

She refused to tell her parents the cause of her unhappiness, but they learnt it yesterday when the girl was found groaning in the road near Griman. She confessed that she had taken poison because her lover had drowned himself in the Dahme.

Anton, however, did not carry out his plan. He got out of the water and has now reappeared. The father of the girl is taking proceedings against him.

TRAIN LIFTED BY WHIRLWIND.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

VIENNA, Monday.

A whirlwind in Bohemia has struck a railway train and lifted three carriages off the lines, hurling them down an embankment. Four persons were killed and fifteen were severely injured, suffering from broken limbs, concussion, and contusions.

LORD OF FIVE MANORS.

Sir William Harcourt Takes Possession of His Great Inheritance.

Sir William Vernon Harcourt yesterday paid his first visit, as proprietor and lord of the manor, to his newly-acquired estate of Nuneham Park, near Oxford.

Owing to the recent death of his nephew and predecessor, Mr. Aubrey Harcourt, Sir William, at his own request, was greeted in the quietest manner, no decorations of any kind being displayed in the neat, formal village which Sir William's ancestor, Simon, Lord Harcourt, a former Lord Chancellor of England, caused to be removed bodily from its then position close to the mansion to the neighbourhood of the London-Oxford road.

Sir William drove in an open barouche from Oxford, accompanied by his son, Mr. "Lulu" Harcourt, who later in the day left for London.

The veteran statesman looked well, but somewhat fatigued. The principal agent of the great property and others were present to welcome the new landlord. From the few words which Sir William pronounced it is clear that he does not propose to maintain great state at Nuneham, and the current impression in the district is that he will continue to reside quietly in the New Forest, leaving the huge Georgian house and its splendid park to his son and the latter's wife, while he himself continues to enjoy a life of philosophic calm in the gardens of Malwood.

There is much talk of an earldom for Sir William about Nuneham.

Nuneham House is ugly, but a most commodious place of residence. The other manors of which Sir William is now lord are the ancestral seat of Stanton Harcourt, which the Harcourts owned for nearly 700 years; Northmoor and Cogges, both held by Sir William's ancestor, an ancient village, where King Alfred held a Witenagemot in the ninth century; and Hinckley—beloved of the Arnolds, father and son—which lies on the Berkshire side of the river.

DANGER FOR RACERS.

Isle of Man Roads Fitter for Perambulators Than Motor-cars.

"The course is more fit for perambulator racing than for fast motor-cars."

This is the criticism of Mr. Charles Jarrott as to the Isle of Man track selected for the eliminating trials in the Gordon-Bennett Cup race. The trials take place on May 10.

The course runs practically round the island, a distance of fifty miles. The race will start about 9 a.m., and the cars will have to cover the course six times before 3 p.m. to make up the test distance of 300 miles.

"There are some very ticklish corners and hills," said Mr. Jarrott, "and if we get off without accidents we shall be lucky. The road in many parts is so narrow that it is impossible for cars to pass each other."

Mr. Jarrott will drive a magnificent Wolseley car of 88 horse-power. "I have travelled ninety miles an hour on it," he said.

Mr. Cecil Edge, who is endeavouring on a 15 horse-power Napier touring car to accomplish a record run of 2,000 miles without a stop, completed more than half the journey yesterday, arriving at John o' Groat's shortly before midday, a distance of 1,094 miles. The car was an hour and three-quarters late arriving on schedule time, but this was due to snow-squalls and head winds encountered on the Grampians.

Mr. Edge, however, has the satisfaction of having beaten all previous records in the run so far accomplished, and he hopes to arrive back in London this evening.

COOLNESS SAVES DISASTER.

Boys March Out of a Burning School.

The truant school of the London School Board at Highbury was yesterday the scene of an alarming fire. The boys, numbering about two hundred, together with the officers, were assembled for prayers in the large dining hall, which immediately adjoins. On being informed of the outbreak Mr. Peall, the Governor, at once marched the boys into a playground on the opposite side of the building, and it was not until they were all safely in the open air that they were aware of the occurrence.

Fortunately there was only one occupant of the infirmary, a boy suffering from a trifling ailment, and he managed to make his escape before the fire assumed serious proportions.

Though firemen were quickly on the scene the whole three-storied building was practically destroyed. Included in the destruction were 250 pairs of new trousers and nearly 100 new suits of clothes.

200 AFRICAN BUSHRANGERS.

PRETORIA, Tuesday.

The news of the capture of seven of the brigands at Lydenburg is confirmed. The gang is calculated to number 200. It is supposed that it was recruited from the riffraff of Johannesburg and Pretoria. The remainder have split into small parties and departed into the back country.

Rumours were circulated that the officers were mixed up in the matter, and these at first caused some little anxiety; but that feeling seems now to have passed.—Reuter.

MR. KRUGER ILL.

PARIS, Tuesday.

The "Presse" learns that Mr. Kruger has been seriously unwell for the last week. His friends are described as feeling very uneasy, though his condition cannot be called alarming. He is greatly depressed.

Snow has covered the hills above Richmond, in Yorkshire.

The "Kids Chronicle" is the title of a new Liverpool Journal. It is published by the Street Arabs Institute.

Merely, the hero of Saturday's great football match, has bought each member of the Manchester City Club a new hat to celebrate their victory.

To a miner who was struck in the hand by a bullet while passing a shooting-gallery in Derbyshire the proprietors of the gallery have had to pay £40.

The Imperial Tariff Committee has had a number of leaflets printed in the Welsh language, and many of them have been circulated in the Principality.

An inquiry concerning the death of a thirteen-months-old boy of a Poplar painter, named Baldwin, revealed the fact that it was the third of a series of inquests which had been held in the same family.

Dr. Macnamara, M.P., is to ask the Home Secretary whether the phrase "compensation of persons interested in the licensed premises," under the new Licensing Bill, is intended to include barmen, barmaids, and other employees in licensed houses.

L.C.C. DECLINE GOVERNMENT OFFER.

Yesterday afternoon the London County Council declined, after debate, by 74 votes to 40, to accept a Boer and a Chinese gun which the Government had offered to London to be placed in the Victoria Embankment Gardens.

SUN SPOTS NOW CONSPICUOUS.

The sun at the present time shows two distinct groups of spots, each group sufficiently large to be distinctly visible to the naked eye, if the sun be seen in mist or through a properly graduated dark glass.

SMOTHERED BY HIS BROTHER.

At an inquest held at Cardiff upon the body of an infant named Roberts it was stated that the three-year-old brother of the child had crept towards it during the night, gone to sleep over its face, and thus smothered it.

PIER TOLLS FOR CORPSES.

At yesterday's meeting of the Parliamentary Committee to consider the proposed L.C.C. steamboat service for the Thames, it was mentioned that the Greenwiche Pier Co. had a right to charge tolls for many strange objects. Billiard tables and anchorvies, tombstones and corpses were among the items scheduled, corpses being liable to a toll of 2s. each.

INCOME OF THE M.C.C.

The annual report and balance-sheet of the Marylebone Cricket Club show that there were in 1903 4,993 members, of whom 400 are life members. The accounts show total gate receipts of £23,169 16s., the match expenses being £23,536. A sum of £13,832 19s. was received in subscriptions and entrance fees, and the total turnover was about £25,000.

OFFICIAL OMISSION DELAYS INQUEST.

At an inquest on a playmate who was killed at Aldgate East Station, the East London coroner said yesterday that he had just been informed by a representative of the railway company that it was necessary, in accordance with an Act of Parliament passed this Session, that someone from the Board of Trade should be present at the inquest. He had not received any official notification of this, and consequently the inquiry would have to be adjourned.

FRIED FISH MYSTERIES.

Disconcerting were the mysteries of the fried fish trade which were disclosed by a witness before the Lords Committee on the Sea Fisheries Bill.

"We skin dog-fish and sell them as all sorts of fish-eels," he said. "One of my customers said the other night, 'You had some sturgeons, have you?' I said, 'Yes, sturgeons.' He said, 'I will have some of those young sturgeons.'"

"Amongst the class of people we deal with we do not sell turbot and brill as turbot and brill; we have to sell it as plaice. Plenty of people, if you said you had turbot, would not have them."

BABY'S STRANGE ADVENTURE.

On the arrival of a fast train from Tynemouth to Newcastle, at Walsoken, passengers reported that one of the carriage doors had burst open and a little boy five years of age had fallen on to the line. Some men immediately returned down the line and found the youngster apparently very little the worse for his adventure.

He had been travelling from Whitley Bay to Newcastle in company with his parents, and, after passing the Willington Viaduct, he by some means opened the door, and before he could be saved tumbled out.

OLD-AGE PENSIONS BILL.

With the view of providing pensions for the aged deserving poor, which shall not involve any electoral disability or convey the reproach of pauperism, a Bill has been introduced into the House of Commons by Mr. Gough.

Under this measure persons of sixty-five years and upwards whose incomes do not exceed 10s. per week in the case of single applicants, and 15s. weekly in the case of married couples, will be entitled to a weekly pension of 5s. to 7s. or, if they elect to live in the workhouse or other place provided by the guardians, they shall receive special consideration and treatment in lieu of an old-age pension.

The Treasury will pay the guardians 4s. per annum for every aged pensioner, and all pensioners will be entitled to vote at Parliamentary and county elections, but not at elections for poor-law guardians or rural district councils.

MUCH NEWS IN FEW WORDS.

It is announced that M. A. Holbein will again attempt to swim across the Straits of Dover during the summer.

Members of the Keighley Golf Club, unable to make up their minds as to the propriety of Sunday golf, have issued ballot cards on the subject.

Yesterday morning a fire broke out at High-street, Lambeth, at the potteries of Messrs. H. Doulton and Co., and a large building used as blacksmiths' shops was destroyed.

Traders and residents of Hackney and Stoke Newington are complaining that there is not a county court nearer than Edmonton or Shoreditch, and great inconvenience is suffered thereby.

One hundred and eleven peers and members of the House of Commons have entered for this year's Parliamentary Golf Handicap. Three members of the Cabinet have sent in their names.

Charles Harper, quarry owner, has begged the Sedgely magistrates to put him on the "Black List." He said he had signed the pledge, but could not keep it. His strange request was granted.

LIBRARY FOR HOLBORN.

The Holborn Borough Council, in order to make up for the absence of a public library in the St. Sepulchre district, has agreed to supply factory owners, shopkeepers, and other responsible residents, with a box of books free of charge for the benefit of their employees, customers, etc. When the books are all read they are to be returned to the library, when a fresh box will be sent out.

MAN WHO LIKES GAOL.

Charged with being a convict on licence who had failed to report himself, Edmund Edwards, a Lowestoft fisherman, asked the Colchester Bench to send him back to prison to complete his term. He said his feet were blistered and he was in ill-health, and he would rather go back.

WHERE ALIENS GO.

The number of immigrants given temporary accommodation at the Poor Jews' Temporary Shelter, Leman-street, Whitechapel, was last year 4,492, as against 2,270 in 1902 and 2,350 in 1901. Of the 4,492 there went to South Africa 3,394, to the United States 54, and to their native home and other places 1,044. The destination of 1,839 is given as "not specified," a decrease of 33 per cent.

DROWNED IN A TUB.

Little Richard Routon, the nineteen-months-old son of a labourer living in Vauxhall-walk, was left alone for a few minutes. He was found drowned in a small tub of water, which was only two feet across and contained but sixteen inches of water.

At yesterday's inquest the father said the child had been wearing a heavy tan o' shanter hat, which, becoming saturated, had no doubt kept the child's head under water.

WHERE ENGLISH WOMEN TRIUMPH.

In one thing the Englishwoman certainly triumphs (says the "Liverpool Daily Post"). She is the only woman in the civilised world who keeps her figure till she is a grandmother, and often for a long time afterwards. The average American woman, who takes little exercise, is fat, and waddles at thirty-five. At that age the average Englishwoman of the upper and upper middle class is slim and active and at the zenith of her skill in golf and skating, walking, and other outdoor pursuits.

DID NOT MENTION HER BLACK EYE.

A young woman, who applied at the Marylebone Police Court for a summons against Mrs. Potts, her neighbour, said the lady in question carried her bad names in the house.

Mr. Plowden: As it took place in the house, I am sorry I cannot take any notice of it.

Applicant: She had blacked my eye twice.

Mr. Plowden (severely): Why did you not mention that first? That is infinitely more important than the abuse.

Applicant (meekly): I thought you would see it.

Mr. Plowden smiled, shrugged his shoulders, and granted a summons.

"RAGGING" CONDEMNED BY ARMY COUNCIL.

"Ragging" is condemned in a memorandum issued by the Army Council as discreditable to the service and subversive of good discipline. The Council admit that gentlemen are occasionally appointed to the Army who are not suited to the profession, and desire to draw attention to the regulations existing for the removal of such officers.

The commanding officer is to be held directly responsible when the facts effectively exercise the powers vested in him, and if there is a repetition of similar incidents the names of officers primarily implicated are to be submitted to the King, with a view to their removal from the Army.

AMAZING "AGONY" APPEALS.

The "agony" columns are the most amusing parts of many papers. The following appeal from a lady who is "conscious always alone" from the "Times" is certainly not without its humour:

AMERICAN WIDOW (without children or near relatives): good English postures and references; honourable, cultured, refined, amiable, bright, and youthful; fond of London and Paris, but consciousness always alone; would appreciate the assistance of a single lady of position, or elderly clergyman equally lonely. Write fully—

From the following two advertisements, which appeared in the "Morning Post," it seems that the more common-place begging letter writer is being superseded.

IN DESPAIR.—A Gentlewoman APPEALS to the Rich and any who read this to HELP her out of her trouble, which is great; having had infirmities in a bad form, is in ill-health, has lost all aged mother to support, and her real estate, impairs health; the smallest donation will be accepted, with a shilling—Address—

WILL Someone ASSIST Young American Woman (left destitute through a sudden death) to save her home? £15 received will repay as possible, or money sent to Suite of Rooms in Exchange; no money lenders—Address—

The Prince and Princess of Wales will close their visit to Vienna on Friday, and arrive at Victoria at 6.30 on Saturday evening next.

Henry Davis, a boiler-maker employed in his Majesty's Dockyard at Sheerness, was killed yesterday by a boiler-plate falling on his head.

"It is as important for the actor to think dramatically as for the taxpayer to think Imperially," said Mr. Beerbohm Tree speaking of the successful opening of his dramatic academy.

Working over some machinery in Liverpool John Ashton was caught by a driving belt and whirled round several times, his head striking the ceiling each time. He lies in a critical condition.

Complaining of the behaviour of some of his congregation, the Rev. Thomas Waugh, of Grimsby, said he would turn King Edward himself out of his church if his Majesty did not behave himself.

Mr. "Willie" Clarkson, the famous wig-maker, states that Sarah Bernhardt has three wigs for one scene in "Varene," her new play. While one is being worn the other two are travelling between London and Paris to be recalled.

BAD NEWS FOR PIPE SMOKERS.

The prosperity of the well-patronised pipe-making industry in Birmingham is being threatened by a famine in amber brought about by the extreme care shown by the Prussian Government for its own manufacturers.

MARQUIS LEAVING THE STAGE.

It is stated that the Marquis of Anglesey, whose acting and staging of pantomimes have made him so conspicuous, has decided to abandon the stage, and his theatre at Anglesey Castle is to be dismantled.

ENGLAND'S OLDEST PEER.

Lord Gwydyr, who will attain his ninety-fourth year to-day, having been born on April 27, 1810, is the oldest baron in point of age. He was present at the coronation of King George IV., King William IV., and Queen Victoria.

STRANGE DEAF AND DUMB CASE.

Mary Donoghue, a deaf mute, was charged at Carlisle Police Court with breaking into the house of a deaf and dumb man and stealing therefrom various articles.

Mrs. Ware, the wife of Bishop Ware, who was in court, had to interpret the evidence, which was given in the deaf and dumb alphabet by both prosecutor and prisoner. A remand was ordered.

HORSE WITH A CRUTCH.

A three-legged horse which his aired four-legged winners of races is the subject of an action at law now pending at Liverpool. Mr. Lafferty, who sold it, is suing A. M. Cook for the balance of the purchase money.

The horse was born with only three legs, and as a curiosity has proved a little gold mine. Lafferty had fitted it with a crutch, and Cook intended, it is said, to exhibit it in the Isle of Man as a "genuine Manx horse."

BLUNSDON ABBEY STILL BURNING.

The destructive fire at Blunsdon Abbey, Swindon, had not been completely extinguished yesterday evening, and the fire brigade was summoned from Swindon to quell a recurrence of the outbreak.

Although the damage has not yet been calculated, it is anticipated that it cannot be much less than £30,000.

HORSE ELECTROCUTED IN LONDON.

Early yesterday morning a remarkable accident occurred at the corner of Welbeck-street and Wigmore-street, near Oxford-street. A cab horse fell. When the driver got down from his seat, and touched the horse to lift it, he received a severe electric shock, and he then discovered that the animal was dead.

He himself was almost stunned by the shock, and had to be medically attended, and several of the electric lighting company's men also received shocks while attempting to repair the leakage. Finally the current had to be cut off from the whole district, and business houses had to revert to candles and lamps for their supply of light.

HORSES BURNED—PEOPLE ESCAPE.

Yesterday morning a fire broke out at the premises of Messrs. Wiggins and Co., contractors, at Southend. The flames spread rapidly, and the place was gutted.

A number of valuable horses were in the stable, and the task of getting them out was an exciting one. Two of the animals, however, were burned to death.

The buildings were surrounded by small houses, which were in great jeopardy. The firemen prevented the flames reaching these houses, but the residents had to hurry into the streets for safety, and there were many exciting rescues.

TOBACCO TAX AROUSES PROTESTS.

Organised by the United Kingdom Tobaccoists' Alliance, a meeting of representatives of the retail tobacco trade was held in the Memorial Hall, Farringdon-street, yesterday afternoon to protest against the proposed new tobacco tax.

The new tax was a very serious matter for the trade, and would press particularly hard upon those engaged in selling the roughest class tobacco. It was feared that the trade did not exist, and what they had to go through during the last six years was enough to fill all the lunatic asylums in the country with tobaccoists, said one speaker. No fewer than one hundred million penny packets of cigarettes were sold weekly, and retailers would lose £120,000 on these alone.

By Borough Council propose to erect a dwelling at Homerton to erect

Last churchwardens are quite the vogue in Buckinghamshire. There are no less than five of them holding this office in the county.

From next Tuesday the State apartments of Osborne House, including the magnificent Durbar room, will be open to the public, and admission will also be granted to the beautiful park.

For falsely declaring that he had not previously served in his Majesty's forces when trying to enter the Royal Artillery, Thomas Mathman was sentenced at Pontefract to two months' imprisonment.

At the Clerkenwell Sessions yesterday Harry Furber, who had been previously convicted, was awarded three years' penal servitude for stealing £288 worth of jewellery and money from a Kensington boarding-house.

The annual meeting of the Rehearsal Club will be held at the St. James's Theatre, by kind permission of Mr. George Alexander, on May 3. The chair will be taken by Mr. Edward Terry. Mrs. Craigie (John Oliver Hobbes), Miss Irene Vanbrugh, Sir Douglas Straight, Mr. A. B. Walkley, Mr. C. Hayden Coffin, and Mr. H. B. Irving will address the meeting.

MAGNANIMOUS PRISONER.

Luke Wood, who at Radcliffe was committed for trial on a charge of burglary, is a magnanimous man. The policemen who arrested him said that he had presented a loaded revolver at them. The magistrate complimented them on their courage, and the prisoner himself added his need of praise. He said the officers were worthy of all the honour that could be given them.

FELL THREE HUNDRED YARDS.

Three men, named Latham, Stanworth, and Dawes, pit sinkers, were repairing the water shaft in the Granville Pit, Salop, when the rope broke and precipitated them to the bottom of the shaft, a distance of 300 yards. All three were instantly killed.

WEST HELPS THE EAST.

"I assure you the people of the West do a great deal more for the people of the East than their critics have any idea of," says the Bishop of London in the May of "Treasury." "Of course, I do not say they might do no more; but, believe me, there is a constant little silver stream of service that flows from West to East—a service of Christian love and helpful sympathy."

CLAIMED £50,000 AN ACRE.

In the London Sheriff's Court yesterday a claim was brought by the Bromley Guardians against the London, Tilbury, and Southend Railway Company for £50,000 compensation for the compulsory acquisition by the company of a strip of land, about half an acre in extent, at the front of the Bromley-le-Bow Workhouse.

The jury awarded a sum of £7,250.

HUNDREDS RUSH FOR ONE SITUATION.

Unexpected testimony as to the condition of the labour market awaited a wine and spirit merchant who advertised in a London daily newspaper for a young man to assist in the management of a public-house.

On arrival at his place of business he was mobbed by an army of between two and three hundred men, all eager to obtain a hearing, and had to beat a hasty retreat.

GOLDEN POTATOES.

In connection with the extraordinary potato boom in Lincolnshire and the culture of the famous Eldorado variety, the tubers of which have commanded such sensational prices, Eldorado plants in pots are now being extensively grown under glass in the Spalding district.

One firm of growers alone at Spalding have at the present time no less than 35,000 potato plants growing in pots in their glasshouses, the plants being the growth of a single stem from the shoot of a tuber.

PITY THE POOR "UNEMPLOYED."

Some of the unemployed of Manchester are not so anxious to work as they might be.

Last week twenty-six men from the Corporation Labour Bureau were put to work and paid 4½d. per hour, whereas quite as much as the agricultural labourer can obtain in the district. After four days the men held out for 5½d. per hour, saying they "could not afford" to work for 3s. 9½d. per day.

But the most opinion of the "unemployed" was a man who failed to turn up for his four days' pay, and sent another as deputy. The officials refused to hand over the money, and the fact was elicited that the absent labourer had gone with an excursion to London to see the football match!

FOR YOU

THE "DAILY MIRROR,"

12, 16, and 20 pages Daily.

QUICK NEWS from "Daily Mirror" Special Correspondents everywhere, and

REUTERS' SPECIAL SERVICE,
REUTERS' WAR SERVICE,
CENTRAL NEWS,
PRESS ASSOCIATION,
LONDON NEWS AGENCY,
PRESS ASSOCIATION,
RACING SERVICE,
SPECIAL LAW & POLICE SERVICES.

Night telephone from Paris and Berlin via Paris. Photograph Correspondents in every town in the world.

All the News by Telegraph, Paragraph, and Photograph.

ORDEAL OF SILENCE.

Wife's Pathetic Attempt to Regain Her Husband.

One of the most pathetic forms of petition that comes from time to time before the Divorce Court is that marked in the list "W. R. C. R."

These letters stand for "Wife's petition for the restitution of conjugal rights," and almost invariably have behind their stiff legal formality some touching story.

Very sad was a story marked "W. R. C. R." told before Sir Francis Jeune yesterday by Mrs. Georgina Eglantine Marie Chaplin, an Irish girl, who looked to be scarcely out of her teens. She had come to the Court to ask that it should order her husband, Maj. Charles Slingsby Chaplin, of the King's Royal Rifles, to return to his allegiance to her.

She was a Miss Hamilton, her counsel, Mr. Bargrave Deane, explained, when in 1893 she became Maj. Chaplin's wife. He was then "Capt. Chaplin," and was quartered in Ireland with his regiment.

The marriage took place at St. Michael's Church, Monaghan, and after they had lived most happily together in her native land her husband took her to Wales, to India, to Gibraltar—wherever, in fact, his military duties called him, and everywhere they were on the same affectionate terms.

Finally, on her husband becoming adjutant of his regiment, they went to live at Huntingdon, and remained there from 1896 to 1900.

During all these years no shadow came between them, and when, in 1900, Mrs. Chaplin was told by her doctor that she must go abroad for her health she parted from her husband as a wife whose married life had been as smooth and fortunate as it could be.

Disgraced Campaigner.

In the next year her husband, too, had to leave England. He was ordered out to the front in South Africa, being at that time an officer who had already fought with distinction in Chitral.

Between the wife who was recovering her health and the husband who was fighting for his country letters went to and fro of the most loving description, so when, at the conclusion of the war, Maj. Chaplin returned to England, his wife looked eagerly forward to meeting him at Southampton.

A cruel surprise awaited her here. When the boat came in, and she met her husband on the quay, he treated her just as if she was a stranger to him.

"He took no notice of me," she said, as she repeated what happened on the quay to the sympathizing Court.

"We then went up to London together," she continued, "and stayed at the Marlborough Hotel, but he took absolutely no notice of me."

Maj. Chaplin left his wife with some friends, and for the next eight weeks she saw nothing of him. Then his father, who had come to know the sad state of affairs, made an effort to bring about a reconciliation.

"Mr. Chaplin's father treated me very kindly at that time," said Mrs. Chaplin, as she described how she and her husband were brought together by Mr. Chaplin, senior, at Huntingdon.

They were invited to stay in Mr. Chaplin's house together, and a cottage was put at their disposal, but the major, who arrived some days after Mrs. Chaplin, still refused to speak to her, and sat silent when he was obliged to be in the same room with her at meals.

This state of things lasted some days, and then the major left the house without giving to his wife any intimation of his intention to do so.

Not having yet given up hope of winning back her husband, Mrs. Chaplin called on him at his club, but here, she said, she was received with rudeness and insults.

Her "Final Appeal."

When a year had passed she made a last "final appeal," and wrote to her husband the following letter:—

My dear Charlie.—It is now getting on for a year since you left me. Heaven knows why! Things cannot go on as they are. I simply cannot stand the strain any longer. I make this final appeal. Will you come back to me? We can either live at the cottage, or, if you prefer it, I can come back to you. In any case, my dear Charlie, remember that you are my husband and I am your wife. You really must come back to me, or let me come to you, and share a common home.—Yours affectionately,
GEORGIE.

The major, in reply, sent the following curt note:—

Dear Georgie.—I decline to enter into any discussion as to my reasons for leaving you, as I do not see that either of us would gain any advantage by living together. I therefore decline to allow you to come to live with me, or to go to live with you.

After this Mrs. Chaplin consulted her solicitor, Mr. Withers, and that gentleman went with her to the club in St. James's-square to which Maj. Chaplin belonged. Mr. Withers went into the club to serve the summons for "restitution of conjugal rights," while Mrs. Chaplin remained in a cab outside.

The major professed to be quite ready to be "served," but he asked that the passing of the document might not take place in the club. He therefore came out into St. James's-square, and was "served" before his wife's eyes.

After hearing the evidence of Mrs. Chaplin and Mr. Withers, the President granted the required decree.

TARDY REFORMATION.

Because their business as private inquiry agents had dwindled, two men, named Rooney and Rengelband, committed a series of West End robberies. Indicted at Clerkenwell Sessions, they were candid enough to make this statement in defence.

Rengelband urged in mitigation that he had joined a Christian Association, and Rooney asked for assistance to regain his old position. "I am more despicable to myself than to other people," he said, "and I want to lead a honest life."

Rooney received twenty-one and Rengelband eighteen months' hard labour.

TELEGRAMS TO A LOVER.

Husband's Unexpected Return Leads to Divorce.

Mr. Albert Whitehorn, a cyclemaker of Walthamstow, obtained a divorce from his wife before Sir Francis Jeune and a jury yesterday.

The co-respondent was Mr. Albert Lytton, who was described by the petitioner as "the motor man." Mr. Lytton went to Mr. Whitehorn's shop one day to get a puncture repaired in a wheel of his motor. He immediately made friends with



MRS. WHITEHORN,

whose frequent telegrams to "the motor man" led to her appearance in the Divorce Court yesterday.

Mrs. Whitehorn, during the mending process, bought her chocolate, and "larked about" generally.

This visit was the precursor of many more; and when Mr. Whitehorn was away his wife would telegraph to Mr. Lytton "Come at once."

Mr. Whitehorn became suspicious, and taxed his wife with misconduct. She admitted it. Then he wired to Lytton in his wife's name, "Come at once. He is out for the day."

Mr. Lytton turned up within an hour; but instead of meeting the lady he was confronted by her



MR. ALBERT WHITEHORN,

a Walthamstow cyclemaker, the story of whose betrayal by a customer was told to Sir Francis Jeune yesterday.

husband. He denied that anything was wrong, but Mrs. Whitehorn "gave the game away."

The defence of collusion and condonation fell through, and Mr. Whitehorn obtained his decree and £75 damages from the co-respondent.

G.P.O.'S LONGEST TELEGRAM.

"My shop was so full of letters that I would not take any more," said a witness at Bow-street Police Court yesterday.

Mrs. Hall, a tobacconist, in making the statement, added that a man called on her in September last and asked if letters might be addressed to the shop. Within a few weeks letters came in sacksful. In connection with the matter the two men, Jackson and Parker, accused of conspiracy to obtain money by means of an alleged fraudulent sweepstake on last year's Derby, were committed for trial on bail.

Police evidence showed that there were altogether 84,000 competitors. If the number of tickets had been drawn at the rate of 900 an hour, it would have taken over three days' incessant working to complete the draw. An official from the General Post Office was asked by counsel if he could state the longest telegram ever received by the authorities. Witness said he had never known one to exceed 3,000 words. Most likely it was from a Press correspondent.

PARK EXISTING ON EGGS.

Charged with the theft of four wild-birds' eggs in Regent's Park, a youth named Franklin told Mr. Powlson that persons were only "requested" to keep off the island where he got them from. They were not "told."

Mr. Powlson asked an attendant what offence the youth had committed.

Witness: They are the eggs of wild birds. The eggs are there to keep the park going.

Do you mean to say that Regent's Park depends on eggs?

The Prisoner: I didn't know there was a law against taking the eggs.

Mr. Powlson: Nor did I, until five minutes ago. A fine of 1s. for each of the eggs. You won't mind that if you are a collector.

DAY OF DISILLUSIONMENT.

Waiting Dinner for a Wife Who Never Returned.

Dear Percy.—By the time you have received this letter I shall have left you for ever. You must know that I have ceased to care for you; and can never be happy with you under any circumstances. I am leaving England, and shall not return. I trust for your own sake you will divorce me as soon as possible.

The above was received by Mr. Percy Morris, who is a barrister, at his house in Cambridge-terrace, Hyde Park, on October 8 last year. It was brought to him by a district messenger boy while he was waiting for his wife to return home to dinner.

But he thought no more of dinner that night, for the writer of the letter was his wife, from whom he had parted on the friendliest possible terms for very morning—the wife who, he supposed, was perfectly loyal to him, and had no complaint to make against him.

That morning of October 8, just before he left the house—so he told the District Court yesterday—he had had a friendly little dialogue with his wife as he passed the door of his bedroom on his way downstairs from his dressing-room. Mrs. Morris was still in bed, and he was about to breakfast by himself. He had called out that he intended to go to his club, but that he was going to be home for dinner. Mrs. Morris had replied that she, too, was going for a walk to make some calls. He had then jokingly said, "Mind you are not late for dinner."

The Fatal Letter.

But his wife was very late. In fact, she never came at all. Dinner had been waiting an hour before the District Messenger boy brought the fatal letter.

Hastening to the house of his wife's married sister, Mr. Morris told her what had happened, and his sister-in-law thereupon handed him a note which she, too, had received. In this note were the words, "Godfrey and I will have left England when you receive this."

It was this mention of "Godfrey" that informed Mr. Morris who it was that had eloped with his wife. "Godfrey" referred to a Mr. G. Oakley, a wealthy man, who had been on visiting terms with himself and his wife for some years.

Mention of a "Continental train" in Mrs. Morris's note to her sister led her husband to suppose that she had gone to Paris, and to Paris he followed her and her lover, after he had hurried round to Mr. Oakley's chambers in Albemarle-street, to find that they were empty. In Paris he failed to discover the pair.

On making inquiries, however, he learnt that Mrs. Morris and Mr. Oakley had been to Paris, Turin, and Naples, passing as "Monsieur and Madame Oakley," and that they had announced their intention of sailing for Japan.

Returning to London, Mr. Morris found the following note awaiting him, dated from Mr. Oakley's chambers:—

"Will You Free Her?"

Dear Percy,—Nana has thrown in her lot with me. She has decided to throw up her old life and start afresh. I love her absolutely and completely, and as soon as possible will make her my wife. Will you free her, so that I can give her the legal and social protection of my name?

After Mr. Morris had told this strange story in the witness-box, Mr. Baker, a gentleman who shared Mr. Oakley's chambers, described how Mrs. Morris often came to afternoon tea in Albemarle-street, and how she spent many hours tête-à-tête with Mr. Oakley.

Another witness, Mrs. Mann, an acquaintance of Mrs. Morris, detailed some events that took place in Paris after the elopement. Mrs. Morris showed her a photo of Mr. Oakley, she said, and added that the frame was bought in Naples.

Mrs. Morris declared on the occasion of showing the photo that she (Mrs. Morris) and Mr. Oakley had been in love with one another for a long time.

On paying a visit to Mrs. Morris at an hotel where that lady was staying with Mr. Oakley, Mrs.



MR. PERCY MORRIS

yesterday secured a divorce from his wife, who had eloped with one of his friends.—(Continued in court by a "Mirror" article.)

Mann saw a dressing-case belonging to Mrs. Morris marked with initials "N. F. O."

A decree nisi was granted, but no damages were asked from the co-respondent, Mr. Oakley, as he had settled a large sum of money on Mrs. Morris.

THE FOOTBALL FEVER.

"I don't know what we are coming to; we seem to have football on the brain," Mr. Denman, the Marlborough-street magistrate, exclaimed when two boys, who had been playing football in the streets to the annoyance of passers-by, were brought before him.

He ordered them to pay half-a-crown each.

CRACKSMAN'S LAUREATE.

Amusing Parody on Longfellow Found on a Youthful Burglar.

Beyond the information that his name was William Foster, a young man who was found at one o'clock in the morning hiding under the dining-room table in a flat in Buckingham-street, Strand, occupied by Professor Huntington, of King's College, declined to give any account of himself.

He was taken to Bow-street Police Station and searched. In one of his pockets a parody on Longfellow's "Village Blacksmith," scribbled in pencil, was found, containing the following verses:—

THE VILLAGE BURGLAR.

Under the spreading gooseberry bush
The village burglar hid his
The burglar is a crafty man
With whiskers on his eyes.
And the muscles of his heavy arms
Keep off the little flies.

He goes on Sunday to the church
To hear the parson shout.
He puts a shilling in the box,
And takes the sovereign out.

And when he reaches home again
He smiles, without a frown
And going home one winter's night
He sees an open door.

An overcoat hangs in the hall,
And he creeps along the floor.
A moment later on he comes,
And then he dead in bed.

He promptly gets on his prize,
And holds it out a stretch;
He hurries down the lighted street,
And, ah! he is seized by the watch.

He takes it to the pawnshop
To see what it will fetch.

However, a policeman passing "loose,
With many a mischievous jest,
Has seen the burglar's little game,
And quietly lets him know.

And he takes it to the prison cell
When the evening sun is low.
Boozing, borrowing, burling,
He told an awful tale.

And now he is in the penitentiary
With many a mournful wail—
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned six months in jail.

—Fairfield.

TWO HUIORIN.

The prisoner was charged with burglary at the police court yesterday, and remanded, in order that inquiries might be made.

GLAMOUR OF MILLIONS.

The Mysterious Mr. Baring Remains a Mystery.

At the opening of his trial at the Old Bailey Capt. Edwin Gordon MacCrae Short, who obtained money by representing that he was coming into an inheritance under the will of a Mr. Baring, a reputed millionaire, complained that he had been "Dreyfused."

In sentencing him to five years' penal servitude yesterday, Mr. Justice Darling said that the trial did not compare to that of Dreyfus, but resembled rather the Humbert case. The prisoner had been guilty of a fraud of a most contemptible character, and it served to show that if a person was only bold enough to tell an improbable story he could easily get somebody to believe him.

To support his story of the mysterious Mr. Baring, whose christian name was George, and who was half-brother to Lord Revelstoke, the prisoner, when the trial was resumed yesterday, called his wife as witness. She said that she had seen Mr. Baring at Eastbourne as recently as last Monday, when he was leaving for the North.

For sixty years Mr. Baring had been known as Robinson, and went to Australia under that name. In 1901 and 1902 he had stayed at Warrior-square, Hastings.

Mr. Baring was Her Godfather.

In further evidence she said that Mr. William James Baring Robinson was her godfather, and she had great expectations from him. She met Capt. Short twelve years ago. Some money was borrowed from a gentleman, but not on Mr. Baring's name. Mr. Baring was greatly offended by Capt. Short allowing the "Times" to send him out to Armenia, and for several years he had nothing to do with Capt. Short. However, through intervention, Mr. Baring had agreed to allow her and her sisters a private income.

Mr. Muir (for the Treasury): Where did he make his fortune?—Australia. He left there sixteen years ago.

Was he known to anyone else as Mr. Baring?—To the outside world as James Robinson.

In spite of Mr. Muir's suggestion that she was giving perjured evidence, Mrs. Short declined to relieve herself from the imputation by stating the number of the house in Warrior-square, Hastings, at which she said Mr. Baring had lived.

Mr. Muir: Is there any person you can call into court who can say that Mr. Baring exists?—There are many who can say that they have seen him.

Can you furnish their names and addresses?—I am desired by Mr. Baring to do so such thing.

"Then there are no such persons."

With much vehemence Mrs. Short replied, "There are."

"The Whole Truth."

The prisoner himself then gave evidence on oath. While being sworn he kissed the Testament dramatically and, turning to the jury, said, "The truth, the whole truth."

He admitted that he knew that Mr. Baring had no connection with the firm of that name, but he knew that just before the "crash" his Mr. Baring saw the late Lord Revelstoke and advised him to invest in Argentina; but Lord Revelstoke did not do so, and that was in a great measure the cause of the Baring smash.

Examined by Mr. Muir, Capt. Short said he believed Mr. Baring to be a Baring, although his wife stated that he had also gone under the name of Robinson. Mr. Baring was angry with him for divulging certain matters.

The Judge: I should like to be troubled about his anger. I do not see any signs of it.

To the very last the prisoner persisted in his story of the mysterious Baring, and urged that if he were given time he might possibly be able to get him to come into court on his behalf. The jury having found him guilty, Mr. Justice Darling passed the sentence of five years' penal servitude.

WITH THE RUSSIAN ARMY—THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPHS FROM

RUSSIAN SOLDIERS' SIESTA.



Train of Russian troops resting in a Manchurian station on their way to the front.—(Photograph by Mr. George Rogers, war correspondent of the Charles Urban Trading Co.)

RUSSIAN COSSACKS ON



A sotnia of Russian Cossack cavalry, in their heavy winter clothing of felt and fur, crossing the snow.—(Photograph by Mr. George Rogers, war correspondent of the Charles Urban Trading Co.)

A POLICEMAN'S ROOF GARDEN.



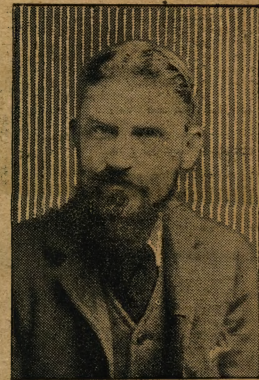
This delightful roof garden has been cultivated on the roof of the Southwark Police Court by Mr. Hickman, the court-keeper, who is an enthusiastic gardener. Vegetables and flowers flourish equally well under his care.—(Photograph by C. Lavell.)

PRIMROSE LEAGUE DINNER.



The new Duchess of Norfolk, who was present last night at the dinner of the combined London Chapters of Knights Imperial of the Primrose League.

YESTERDAY'S PLAY.



Mr. George Bernard Shaw, whose play, "Candida," was produced at the Court Theatre yesterday afternoon.—(Photograph by Russell and Sons.)

HOW A



A horse in the stable.—(Photograph by Anschutz and Sons.)

CRICKETER FETED.



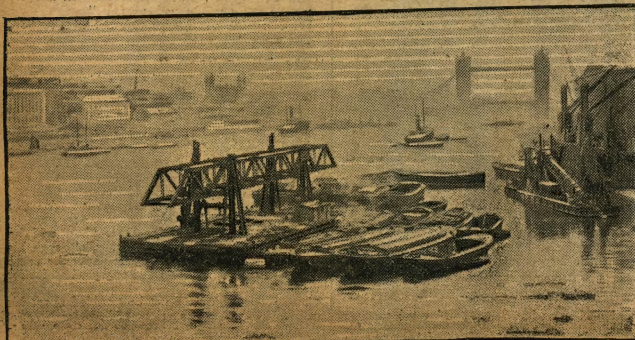
T. Hayward, the cricketer, has been given a dinner by a number of his admirers in Cambridge in honour of his success during the Australian tour.

LATEST FLOATING



This fire engine, the first petrol motor floating on the river, was built by Merryweather and Sons, of London, for the Huntley and Palmer, at Reading. The boat is supplied by the fire pumps, which are worked by the engine.

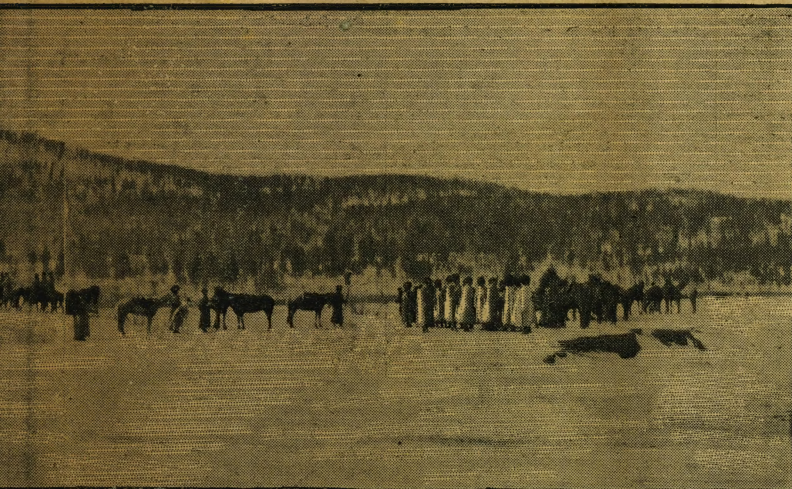
LONDON BRIDGE FINISHED,



Removing the iron girders which were used to make a temporary footway along the outside of London Bridge, during the widening operations. In the background are the Tower and Tower Bridge.

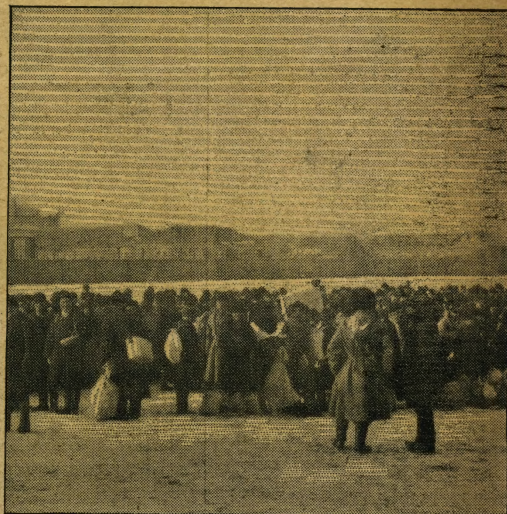
MANCHURIA WHICH HAVE PASSED THE RUSSIAN CENSOR.

MARCH IN MANCHURIA.



ed plain at Petrovskoye, on the coast north of Vladivostok.—(Photograph by Mr. George Rogers, war Urban Trading Co.)

RUSSIAN RESERVISTS IN SIBERIA.



Russian reservists at Tomsk, the capital of Western Siberia.—(Photograph by Mr. George Rogers, war correspondent of the Charles Urban Trading Co.)

SE JUMPS.



et of jumping.
with a Goerz
Copyright,
ler.")

BLACKMORE MEMORIAL



Mr. Eden Phillpotts, who yesterday unveiled a memorial window and tablet in Exeter Cathedral to Mr. R. D. Blackmore, the author of the great English novel "Lorna Doone."

AN ANCIENT BRITISH TOMB.



This urn of sun-baked clay, 8½ inches high, decorated with herring-bone ornament, was found in the ancient British tomb in Durham.



This grave of a Briton of the Bronze Age has been discovered on Brandon Hill, in the county of Durham. It is built of five stone slabs, and contained the remains of an old man probably 5ft. 10in. in height.

FIRE ENGINE.



engine, has been constructed by Messrs. action of the biscuit works of Messrs. itself through the water by water jets, throw six streams of water.

BILLIARD PLAYER DEAD.



Mr. W. Spiller, the well-known professional billiard player, has died in Cape Town. He left England some years ago for his health.



WHERE THE KING IS STAYING IN DUBLIN.



The Viceregal Lodge, the official residence of the Earl of Dudley, where the King and Queen are staying during their visit to Dublin. They arrived there last night after their state visit to the Punchestown Races.

PLAIN GIRLS MADE CHARMING—PAPER MILLINERY.

BEYOND MERE BEAUTY.

QUALITIES THAT ENSLAVE SWEET-HEARTS.

Beauty, as we all know, is a passport through life; nevertheless, there are many men who recognise the fact that a fêted belle expects homage from all of them, whilst the plain girl is much more appreciative of a little kindly attention, and has it in her power to acquire all the attributes of a charming woman, if she only resolves to become one.

Very few girls are really ugly. Most have some redeeming feature—pretty hair, a graceful figure, or, perhaps, only small and well-shaped feet and hands.

A sweet and amiable expression is the first adjunct which the plain girl must acquire, and this comes from the heart alone. To gain it, it will be necessary for her to think of others and forget herself.

Be Natural.

Lack of self-consciousness is a further charm. The girl who, though not a brilliant musician, is always willing to accompany the vocalist, or play a waltz if there is an impromptu dance; who is not thinking about the set of her gown or the colour of the cheeks, but who makes every guest welcome in her parents' house, specially reserving her attentions for the bashful, the unattractive, or the badly-dressed visitor; and who is not too absorbed in her own interests to romp with and read aloud to little brothers and sisters between whistles, will certainly possess a sweet expression.

And Also Unselfish.

The girl who honestly desires to become charming in the eyes of men; and not in a superficial way by pretending attractions which she does not really possess, need not lay herself directly out to please the sterner sex, but in her kindly thought of others, and in her effacement of self, she will have exposed her charm to any man of discrimination.

The plain girl owes it to herself to be well cultured, so that an intelligent man can enjoy a chat with her. Lastly, she should possess that delightful sense of tact which teaches what to leave unsaid, and when to utter the kindly word of appreciation.

Love Will Follow.

The girl who, starting life without any sort of beauty, learns to make herself charming by these simple means is far more likely to win the heart of some good man, for whom she will make an ideal wife, than the merely beautiful woman; and even if it be her lot to remain single, she will be one of those spinsters who, at every age, are beloved by those with whom they come in contact, and whose sweet nature and charming ways render them much-to-be-desired acquaintances.

FOR MYSTERY-LOVERS.

Why should a novelist try to prevent readers from taking his story seriously by naming a character "Lord Hooligan"? Mr. Headon Hill is so practised a hand that he ought to know better

than this. However, in spite of "Lord Hooligan," "A Race With Ruin" (Ward, Lock, 6s.) displays all the knowledge of racing matters and all the skill in working up a plot which have made Mr. Hill's books popular. So there seems no reason why it should not be as successful as any.

Another sporting writer who knows his subject comes forward in the person of H. G. Harper, whose "Fairy in the Pig-kin" (John Long, 3s. 6d.) ought to be in all hunting-box libraries. If you can get over the fact that the "fairy" eats both jam omelette and toast and marmalade for breakfast, you will follow her career with sympathy and interest.

An aged multi-millionaire. A glass of prussic acid. A mysterious unfinished letter. Three sons all suspected of the foul deed. A pretty little grand-daughter. A trusted family retainer. A

HATS MADE OF PAPER.

THE LATEST IDEA FOR THE GARDEN AND RIVER.

The latest idea in millinery-land is to use coloured and blossom paper for making lovely hats and bonnets. In the fourth column is shown a cottage bonnet made of crinkled blue lamp-shade paper, trimmed with huge roses and real pale blue ribbon. Here we have a notion which is sure to thrive when summer weather arrives, for the cottage bonnet is an ideal model for the garden, or even for the river on a very fine day. I draw the veil over the unhappy spectacle a girl would pre-

as much desiccated cocoanut as it will take up. Mould it into balls and cones, and roll in more cocoanut which has been tinted pink.

(4)—FOR WEAK EYES.

Take equal quantities of brandy, vinegar, and cold water, well mix them, and bathe the eyes with the result every morning.

(Miss J. A. Parkin, Highfield, St. Nicholas-street, Coventry.)

(1)—A PAINLESS FOUL-TICE.

To prevent mustard plasters from blistering the skin mix them with the white of an egg.

(2)—A CURE FOR INDIGESTION.

Beat together the white of an egg and the juice of a lemon, and drink the result before breakfast.

(3)—INFLAMED EYELIDS.

For inflamed eyelids the white of an egg beaten up with a little rose-water is a capital remedy.

(Miss E. Hucks, Packfield, Hatch End, Middlesex.)

(1)—TO CLEAN WHITE FURS.

Take two or three handfuls of flour and put it in the oven to bake for a few minutes. Place the fur on the table, and rub the flour into it well with a piece of wadding. Leave it for half an hour, then shake all the flour out well from the fur, and it will look like new.

(2)—TO MAKE MEAT TENDER.

Put a tablespoonful of vinegar in the tin with the meat, or over it if hung, and it will make the toughest piece of meat tender.

(3)—TO KEEP MOTHS FROM FURS AND WOOLLEN ARTICLES.

When putting away furs and woollen articles for the summer, carefully wrap each article separately in newspaper, and put pieces of carbon away with them in tin box or cupboard. Printer's ink is death to moths.



On the left is shown a bridesmaid's hat made of white crêpe guipure, wreathed with roses made of paper, that looks like velvet.



A cottage bonnet, composed of azure blue paper, with a single rose at one side and a real blue ribbon scarf.

Design for a simple evening gown, the salient features of which are the shoulder straps of jewelled passementerie and the Swiss belt, which is threaded through with gauze, to match that on the lace berthe.

The berthe and sleeves of this dress palpably diminish the apparent size of the waist.



mystery that wraps you up in doubt until the very end of the book. These are the ingredients of Miss A. K. Green's latest mixture, "One of My Sons" (Ward, Lock, 6s.). Strongly recommended for after-dinner consumption.

sent crowned with paper pulp in a shower! The notion has already been tried at a wedding, where the bridesmaids were given chapeaux of moiré paper that looked so like silk that nine-tenths of the guests never discovered that the more ordinary material was not the one worn.

In the second column such a scheme is shown. The ruffles that compose the brim of the hat are all made of white crêpe paper, and the roses are of pink paper of various shades, most cleverly resembling velvet in texture. Beneath the uplifted brim a further cluster of the same flowers is to be noticed.

A clever intermingling of real leaves and paper ones is worth trying for it is a real success. But real flowers are too transient of existence to look well in paper headgear.

HOUSEWIFE'S BUREAU.

GOOD RECIPES TO HELP IN THE HOME.

(Miss F. A. Byng)

BEIGNETS.

Put 1lb. of flour into a basin, and with a wooden spoon make a hole in the middle of it and break in the yolks of three eggs. Put the three whites into a basin and beat them up separately. Beat the eggs and flour together, then add a little milk and continue beating; add the beaten whites and add a little more milk till it is the consistency of thick cream. Have ready a sauceron of boiling lard, put in the mixture by spoonfuls and take them out when a light brown. Pile them on a dish and sprinkle them well with castor sugar. This delicious receipt was taught me by a French peasant woman.

(Miss M. Calder, Langport, Somerset.)

(1)—FRUIT SALT.

Take 2oz. tartaric acid, 2oz. Eoson salts, 2oz. carbonate of soda, 2oz. cream of tartar, 1oz. citrate of magnesia, 1lb. castor sugar. Thoroughly mix above ingredients and take 1 to 2 teaspoonfuls in water as a cooling draught, preferably in the morning. This is an excellent spring medicine.

(2)—MARROW JAM.

Cut a marrow in slices and place on a dish with layers of sugar. Next morning strain it and put it in a pan with equal weight of sugar, and to every 4lb. of marrow add 1oz. ginger, and the rind and juice of two lemons. Boil till clear, then add 1 to 1 teaspoonful of cayenne pepper.

(3)—COCONUT KISSES.

Whisk the white of an egg to a froth, mix with it two tablespoonfuls of cold water and stir in enough icing sugar to make a stiff paste. While soft knead in

MAUDE TAYLOR,
163b, SLOANE ST., LONDON, S.W.



French Model Blouse, latest design, in Linen, with Garniture collar and cuffs of hand-made Real Lace. Blouse all hand made, with new long shoulder effect.
SALE PRICE 29/11; Usual Price 40/11.

**MAUDE TAYLOR'S
GREAT BLOUSE SALE
NOW PROCEEDING.**

All the Latest Models from Paris, Berlin, and Vienna at Half Price.

500 Batiste Blouses, trimmed Imitation Chumy Lace, in all colours. Sale price, 4/11.

50 Tea Jackets, Accordion-pleated, Nun's Veiling in blue, cream, pink, grey, and white. Sale price, 12/11; usual price, 29/11.

500 pair Best French Sû-die Gloves in all colours and black. Sale price, 2/-; usual price, 2/11.

WRITE FOR PRICE LIST.

CLUBS AND CLUBMEN.

Their Privileges and Peculiarities—Heavy Subscriptions and Cheap Meals.

When a man is in a position to join a good club, how proud he feels of the privileges of membership, especially at a time of year like this, when London is full and all the best-known clubs are thronged with members day and night. He has to pay heavily for these privileges, it is true, but on the whole they are well worth it.

Take, for instance, the United Service, in Pall Mall. There the entrance fee is £30, with an annual subscription of £10; but the canteen and drinkables are ridiculously cheap. In the middle of the day there is a cut off the joint to be had for a shilling. The dinner is also a marvel of cheapness. Were it not that members are not allowed to bring their friends to dine this club would be overrun with hungry guests.

The Army and Navy, in Pall Mall, with an entrance fee of £40, is, however, a much more palatial clubhouse. It cost £106,000 in building, and £20,000 more for furnishing. The club is remarkable for a very dry champagne. Among the members the club is called the "Rag and Pamish." The Naval and Military, which is located in the late Lord Palmerston's house in Piccadilly, has a membership of 2,000.

The Guards' Club, in Pall Mall, is limited to officers, holding commissions in either of the Guards' regiments. The Guards' Club is reported to possess the finest collection of liquors in the world.

The finest dinner in clubland is the Reform House dinner, served from 7 p.m. to 10 p.m. As the salary of the Reform chef is £1,000 a year, it need scarcely be said that the cooking is of surpassing excellence. The Reform diners have helped to make history. Many a recalcitrant member who has vowed to wreck a Ministerial measure has been induced to reconsider his decision before the fourth course was served. The kitchen, which is one of the sights of London, is replete with every well-known mechanical appliance. The building is warmed by steam in the winter and kept cool by a gigantic fan in the summer. The smoking-room is the handsomest in London. The coffee-room is 117ft. long. There are several billiard tables, at

one of which the late John Bright once made a break of 143.

Members are allowed to introduce friends at the Reform Club, but not at the Athenaeum. At the last-named club strangers are only allowed in a little glass case just inside the hall. The library at the Athenaeum boasts of about 100,000 volumes, many of which are to be found in the British Museum. Many epoch-making works have been written in the Athenaeum. Mr. John Morley is credited with having done all his writing in the library when he was editor of the "Fortnightly," and Mr. Bryce, before he became a Minister, wrote almost to five in the place. The late Lord Salisbury was a constant visitor in the days when he wrote for the "Saturday Review."

It takes on an average ten years to get into the Travellers' Club, in Pall Mall. The Travellers' shakes its head at all candidates who have not travelled over 500 miles from Britain. White's Club, in St. James's-street, was established in 1680, so it is not surprising to find that the habitués, who are mostly men of great wealth, cling to many old customs. The house dinner at White's is a most impressive spectacle—wax candles, stately waiters, and that relic of a bygone age, full consumption of wine after the cloth is cleared.

The dining-room of the Carlton in the season at eight o'clock presents a magnificent appearance. Around tables crowded with gorgeous epergnes, splendid vases filled with fruit and flowers, grand centre-pieces, and a lavish display of dainties, silver and glass, sit the richest men of Britain. Should a member feel that the dinner that day is below the standard, say, in the matter of fish, he makes a complaint on the back of his bill, which is duly laid before the committee.

Politics is the pivot on which existence turns at the Carlton. When the country is in the throes of political convulsion the Carlton becomes excited, and members may be seen literally skipping up and down the marble steps. On such occasions £500,000 has been frequently subscribed as the sines of war. The library, which numbers over 140,000 volumes, is the most valuable club library in the world.

Reflections.

If Mr. John Burns were made Prime Minister, with Mr. Will Crooks as Home Secretary, and other Labour M.P.'s at the head of the other Government offices, we should reproduce in this country what is happening at present in Australia. And it is quite possible we should have a very fair Cabinet. At any rate, it would be a change.

To the Bishop of Ripon, who has taken up the subject of childless marriages, recently discussed by *Mirror* correspondents, one must point out that the cause of the increasing "lack of parents" is the same as that which has made eighty-two out of every 100 people in London give up going to church: to wit, the wave of materialism, now sweeping over the world. When people believed that Heaven would look after them, whatever happened, families ruled large, and parentage was looked upon as a natural duty. Nowadays, it is regarded by the educated classes rather as a luxury, which can only be afforded by the well-to-do.

The truth lies somewhere between the two views. It is foolish beyond all question to marry and bring children into the world if you have no reasonable expectation of being able to support them. On the other hand, too great a fear of the future paralyses a man's energies; makes him unenterprising and a coward. If the Church took a sensible view of the question there would not be so much reason for Bishops to bewail. So long as it balts between dead doctrines of the past and the living truths which we are taught by Science and History, its influence will go on getting weaker and materialism will carry everything before it.

The first thing Madrid hotel-keepers tell Englishmen when they arrive in the Spanish capital is how to get a good seat for next Sunday's bull-fight. Nine out of every ten Englishmen secure their places at once, however much they may have said at home about the "disgusting brutality" of the sport. The

maiming of matadors, which is reported from Madrid, is sure to let loose much talk of this kind. But is bull-baiting so much more brutal, after all, than fox-hunting? It is better, no doubt, to ride to hounds than to look on at a bull-fight, but the cruelty argument applies pretty equally to both pastimes.

A correspondent, writing from Whitley Bay, that delightfully healthy seaside resort in Northumberland, asks if we could not repeat regularly the weather predictions which were so correct at Easter. We should be glad to do anything for a reader who writes like this:—

"I am greatly pleased with your successful venture. On the rare occasions when I have been unable to secure a copy I have been met with remark from my wife at night, on my bringing home, 'Where's my paper? You've not brought it me!'"

If I read three and four per day, the *Mirror* is the only one I carry home.

Such testimony naturally makes us anxious to oblige, but weather prediction is a tricky pastime in such a climate as this. Still, we will see what can be done.

What is the use of teetotalers declaring that the world could get on quite well without alcohol when we have famous physicians constantly testifying to its unrivalled value in cases of illness? The most recent evidence on this side comes from one of our most successful women doctors.

In all conditions in which life is failing we must revert to a pure stimulant to sustain the vital powers. Brandy is a most potent agent in saving life.

Of course, if any one prefers Sir Wilfrid Lawson's opinion, they are welcome to take it. But it does seem foolish, in face of pronouncements like this, to start Teetotal Hospitals, and to advocate abolishing alcohol altogether.

A pathetic letter asks me for more particulars of the "cure for the drink crave," which was mentioned a few days ago. "It would mean so much to many of us," says the writer, "if we could make or procure such a thing." As to the recipe, that is a secret; but the mixture itself can be got at the Church Army headquarters, 130, Edgware-road, London.

OUR SERIAL.

Stage-Struck.

By SIDNEY WARWICK.

CHAPTER XVII. Hope Deferred.

"I am going away to fight my own battle. I am going to the one thing left to me, the stage," Janet had told her aunt.

She sat in the little sitting-room of the lodgings she had taken in Kilburn; the landlady had brought in her tea. As she sipped the cheap, strongly-flavoured tea and made a pretence of eating the thick slice of bread-and-butter she looked round the room and tried to assure herself that it was comfortable; at any rate, it was fairly clean, and in the bedroom, where her trunk still waited to be unpacked, perhaps the landlady would not mind if she removed from the walls those framed funeral cards. She would interview her after tea on the subject.

Her aunt had tried every means to persuade her to stay at the flat; but Janet was resolute in her determination. She had paid a heavy price for the stage; she could not turn back now—now, after her mother's letter. She even refused to take her aunt into her confidence as to her plans. The break must be complete.

She had no appetite, but the cup of tea did her good; after tea she sat down in the one chair that had any pretence to the term "easy," in front of the fire, and tried to make plans for the future. Perhaps there might be some advertisements for actresses in the "Era." It was knowing and the night was cold; but she was trifling matters that must not deter her. And she was glad, too, of an excuse for activity. She put on her strongest shoes, and, wrapping up well, sallied forth in search of a newsagent's. She went to several shops before she could get an "Era"; armed with this she returned to her lodgings, prepared to storm the theatrical profession.

Doubtless many provincial managers would be advertising for the casts of the Easter tours. Of course, she told herself, she would have to be content with quite a small part at a small salary, in probably quite a second-rate touring company, to start with, but that would be a beginning. She took her wet shoes off, and drawing the chair up to the fire turned to the advertising columns. Her eye fell on the addresses of several agents, and she mentally selected two or three on whom to call the next day. In the columns headed "Artists Wanted" there were quite a number of advertisements. It seemed a good sign.

"Wanted full cast for 'East Lynne' tour. State age, experience, and lowest terms. Enclose photo. Boozers save stamps." "Wanted emotional actresses. No amateurs need apply."

This qualification was stated in most of the advertisements. Only people with experience were wanted.

The next morning she started almost immediately after breakfast for the agent. She took the bus down the Edgware-road as far as the Marble Arch; then, remembering that she must be economical, walked the rest of the distance. She called on several agents, and found them all so affable and willing to help her that she wondered if it were not a waste of money putting her name down on the books of three. She felt relieved that none of them seemed to think that the fact of her being an amateur was necessarily a bar to her success.

"Call again, Miss Desborough; I'll look out for something—if anything special, I'll write or wire for you. Everything's very quiet just now." Janet did not know that that was the usual

formula of a theatrical agent to a new client. She returned to her rooms that day in good spirits, feeling that the first step was taken. She had only to wait now for the replies to the letters she had written to the managers who had advertised, or until she had heard from her agent.

She had not expected to find the conquest of the stage easy at first—but, oh! the weariness of those days of waiting, of which that day was only the beginning. Just waiting. She could do nothing—nothing more, that is, than tramp wearily from agent to agent's office, and wait in their ante-rooms with no result, or answer advertisements and never get replies.

She put an advertisement into the paper herself, but the only answers she got were from persons who for a trifling premium were prepared to accept her as a subordinate, or the opportunity of coming before the public. The formula might vary, but the meaning was the same in every case.

It was just a matter of waiting—whilst weeks went by and her stock of money was fast melting. She had spent so much in fees to the various agents, who took all the money with glib promises and had forgotten all about her when she called the second time. One man, who had an agency in the Waterloo-road, with clients chiefly in the music-hall profession, had tried to kiss her the first time she called, after saying with a leer, "With a figure like that, my dear, you would be snapped up at once at the Victoria. You wouldn't think tight unbecoming, I know!"

She tore herself from him with her eyes ablaze; he was a fat, little man, and her burning indignation gave her a sudden strength; she felt tempted to strike his evil, smiling face.

"You prudish villain!" he cried furiously. "You prude!" But the rest of his sentence was lost to her; she was in the street. When she left her aunt she had told herself that her money would easily hold out until she got some engagement. How quickly it was melting. When it was all gone, when it was all gone, she could obtain no engagement? Janet decided at last that she could no longer afford two rooms. The rent of them was twelve shillings, and coals and light were extra. She had tried to be so economical with coal; her fire was always so low. When she really felt warm, yet even with such economy a small scuttles mounted up terribly in a week. Her landlady had a bed-sitting room vacant at six shillings a week; though Janet realised how cramped and uncomfortable it was, she thought it better to take this than go elsewhere, where she might fare even worse.

Becoming desperate, she stunted herself in food as she saw her store of money coming to an end; all this, of course, told on her. A settled look of despondency left lines in her face; there were dark rings about her eyes. She was growing hopelessly.

She still went every day to the agents' offices, but she grew to feel every time she waited there that it would be wasted time. Why had they taken her fees if they did nothing for her? It was shameful.

"Can you do anything for me?" she cried, intercepting one agent, as he emerged from his inner room to summon some favoured person from the little waiting group. "Anything, no matter how small the part. You remember you promised."

"There's nothing to-day," he said, curtly. "You shall see as soon as the time is. Hang it all!" in sudden irritation, "how the devil do you expect I can make openings—and for amateurs, too!" Janet shrank back before his impatient rebuff. She turned, and without another word walked slowly to the door, suddenly blind with a rush of hopeless tears. As she was going down the stairs in the street she felt a touch on her arm.

The girl turned. A woman whom she had seen in the agent's room—a rather striking-looking woman of forty, with a face whose coldness had struck Janet—had followed her.

"What is it, Kerison, isn't he?" said the other. "I heard what he said—I was sorry for

you. Come and have some tea somewhere. I'm tired of waiting myself."

"There was a note of sympathy in the odd, brusque voice that attracted Janet.

"Thank you," she said, grateful to have someone to sympathise with her.

"There's a tea-shop close by," her new acquaintance said. They went in together, and sat at one of the marble-topped tables.

"So you're a novice; I heard Kerison—what do you want to go on the stage for? Haven't you any friends? You know, you're rather a little fool. You mustn't mind my speaking bluntly, it's a way I have—a disappointed woman's way, perhaps."

"No, I have no friends," said Janet. "And if I don't find a place on the stage I suppose I shall starve." The reply, with a little mindless laugh, "I don't know if anything else I'm good for. But why do you say—"

"Call you a little fool for wanting to go on the stage? Only because I'm sorry for you, I suppose. Here's the waitress. What shall we have? The inevitable tea, scones, and butter, I suppose," she said. Then, "Have you ever heard the name of Clara Savile?"

"No, I think not," said Janet, wonderingly. "I thought very likely not. But she used to be well known a few years ago—ten years ago. She made a fortune at the Globe Theatre in a piece that ran through two seasons. She was almost the most talked-of actress in London; there were photographs of her in nearly all the illustrated papers, and she had offers from all quarters—though salaries weren't so big then as they are now."

"Did she leave the stage?" asked Janet, wondering that the name should be unfamiliar to her. "No, she has not left the stage. For several seasons she carried all before her. It was roses, roses, all the way—do you read Browning? For a long time she was never out of the London bills. Then she went on a starring tour in America. The tour was a failure—heaven knows why; but she didn't repeat her London success in the States. This preyed on her. She had to take a long rest before she faced a London audience again. Then she took another engagement; not at such a big salary as before—the American failure had rather discouraged her, you see."

She paused. "There was an odd look in her eyes, a bitter flavour in her speech.

"She played just as well as ever, just as well—only, in some inexplicable way, she seemed to have lost her hold on the public. It's such a fickle public!" she cried bitterly. "Managers were quick to see she was no longer the attraction she once was. Engagements grew fewer, and the time came when it became a choice between enforced idleness or the provinces, and not always star parts there. Think of it, you, who are anxious to go on the stage. This woman, who had once drawn all London, still as good an actress, still young, yet because she had not provided for the players in agents' rooms, and endure humiliations and snubs—a discredited queen! My God! Do you wonder she calls you a little fool to want to enter such a profession?" Her eyes were aflame; her hands clenched.

"Janet was startled. "Then it is of yourself you are speaking?"

"TILL JUDGMENT COME."

We believe that the writer of the above romance, which begins in Sunday's "Weekly Dispatch," will in future be known in fiction as

CHARLES DICKENS II.

"Yes; of whom else? I am Clara Savile," the woman said bitterly. "I don't know why I should tell you this, and I didn't mean to when I spoke to you just now. A sudden feeling of sympathy, perhaps—or craving for sympathy—for, in a way, I'm worse off than you."

"Worse off?" echoed Janet.

"Yes, worse off, though I shall get an engagement of a sort. I can always get provincial engagements—only I'm bankrupt in hope now. I've gone past success. Do you understand? When you're once held the public, and lost that hold, you never can win again—God knows why!—but you never can. The public never takes up again an old favourite it has dropped. Can you wonder that I sometimes feel tempted to go and drown myself," she said bitterly. "Even if you succeed, you'll find it's a profession that only offers disappointment and disillusion to the end." Was Miss Savile right? Well, she could not take this word that she had uttered all on the stage, sacrificed all for it, and yet the stage seemed to have no use for her.

A settled hopelessness came over her, as the weeks dragged on, and she seemed no nearer obtaining an engagement. She had almost reached the end of her resources. She still besieged the agents, and at last one of them, perhaps tired of her repeated visits, sent her spirits up by holding out a sudden hope. He told her some extra ladies were wanted at a new play about to be produced; he would send her with a note to the manager; if she might do, if she would merely have a walk on; perhaps she might have a line to speak.

The stage door of the theatre in question was in Maiden-lane. She timidly told the door-keeper that she had been sent by Mr. Justin, the agent. "You'll find Mr. Justin waiting on the stage—they're just rehearsing," he said.

Janet walked down the dark passage; before she reached the stage, illuminated by the T-light, she heard an angry voice yelling:

"You've got no more sense than a damned amateur, Mr.—what's your name—Green!"

She saw the red-faced man gesticulating violently.

It was this particular manager's way of conducting rehearsals. The small fry in his company, who could not afford to resent it, came in for it hot. Janet paused, conscious that it was an unpropitious moment for her. The great man, who was horribly out of temper, stared at her, but went on with the rehearsal. A man by his side, sprucely dressed, with a smart button-hole in his coat, and who was the stage-manager, walked over to her with a "Well, my dear?"

"Mr. Justin, the agent, sent me here; he said you would send some extra ladies."

The stage-manager went up to his chief and explained. The manager turned again and looked up and down the shabbily-dressed figure deliberately. Janet coloured painfully at the scrutiny.

"Then—"

"No, you won't do. Cast full," he said, in a tone of voice that suggested that Janet's mere presumption in coming had irritated him.

Without a word Janet turned to go. She had not proceeded half a dozen paces when she heard the manager say, in a loud voice, to his assistant:

"I told Justin he was only sending me all rotters—every damned failure he's got on his books?"

The unnecessary brutality of the taunt came to Janet like a blow in the face. So she looked tight to this man, who had only sent her to try my name. She walked unsteadily out of the theatre with the savage taunt still ringing in her ears. Down the passage from Maiden-lane to the Strand her last chance had failed. She was hopeless.

To be continued to-morrow.

SENT ON FREE TRIAL

The TRUE CURE for RHEUMATISM, GOUT, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, Etc.

THE GOOD HEALTH ALLIANCE is introducing the genuine cure of the century
NOT MEDICINE nor embrocation, but **KINLO'S FOOT DRAFT**, famed for curing the
worst cases of **GOUT, MUSCULAR and SCIATIC RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, &c.**
KINLO'S FOOT DRAFTS are to be placed upon the soles of the feet. They draw the
URIC ACID POISON out, and thereby remove the cause. **It matters not** in what part
of the body you are affected, this marvellous invention draws the
poisonous acid from your blood, making you well for all time.
QUICK RESULTS are obtained promptly, and the
full cure will follow. **SCIENTIFIC REMEDY** is not a
A absolutely guaranteed success, or not a farthing to pay for
KINLO'S FOOT DRAFTS. **NOT A FARTHING TO PAY.**
We know so well that **KINLO'S FOOT DRAFTS**
will cure you completely, that we openly offer not merely to send a
"sample," but to actually send a **PAIR OF KINLO'S FOOT DRAFTS**. If after a week's
trial you find you are being cured, we shall expect you to pay us the **trivial price of TWO**
SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE only, you are not charged, you must pay us a farthing.
Positively the fairest offer ever advertised. No pretended electrical device, but a scientific
invention in chemistry.

[illegible]

CAN TALK OF NOTHING ELSE. 91, Kinnerton Street, S.W.

Good Health Alliance.

I was a long time before I could make up my mind to use Kinn's Foot Drafts. I had been under doctors and used all sorts of remedies without receiving any benefit from same. Eventually I tried your Foot Drafts, and I had not held on long before I was sure they were doing my feet good. After the first day my walking powers greatly improved, and I can now walk without pain, although for months previous I had been walking quite lame and with excruciating agony. I can now tolerate the now hot Foot Drafts, and my friends say that I should make a good advertiser. I tell them that with the Foot Drafts could be benefited, and I need not say that the world could see that nobody is suffering from the same as I suffered, especially when they can get a remedy so cheaply.

As F. REYNOLDS.

LIKE BEING IN HEAVEN.

Good Health Alliance. Fulmer Cottage, Hanworth, Middlesex.

I am very pleased to say that your Kinko's Foot Drafts have done me a world of good. Since wearing them I have not been troubled with Rheumatics, although for months before I suffered very much, but this last week I have felt like being in Heaven. I shall recommend them to all that I possibly can.

W. H. HARRISON.


A HARLEY STREET PHYSICIAN WRITES: "Please send two pairs of your Kinlo's Foot Drafts to Lady——."

CAUTION.—The true, original, and genuine KINLO'S FOOT DRAFTS, which have effected so many marvellous cures throughout the length and breadth of the land, can only be obtained at

AVOID IMITATIONS,

DO NOT HESITATE to send your name, address, mention complaint, and enclose stamp for posting, and a pair of
KINLO'S FOOT DRAFTS will promptly come. REMEMBER, IF NO CURE NO PAY, and we will trust you to
decide. Address: Dept. 108,

GOOD HEALTH ALLIANCE, 74, Fleet Street, London.



£7 : 19 : 6
WORLD'S WONDER.

Or at 10/- Monthly.
Ball Free Wheel; Clincher
Tyres. Very cheap second-
hand Cycles, Motor Bi-
cycle, 38 Gals. Wride for
Free Price List.
THE SILVER QUEEN CYCLE CO. LTD.

BATH CHAIRS AND

**BATH CHAIRS AND
BABY CARRIAGES.**

Supplied on Easy Terms
from 6/- per Month.

Established 1851.

Current Accounts. 2 p.c. Interest allowed on minimum
monthly balances when not drawn below £100
Deposits. 2½ p.c. Interest allowed on Deposit Accounts.
Advances made. Stocks and Shares bought and sold.


 Enjoying the use of same
 while it is being paid.
 Designs Post Free.
W. J. HARRIS & Co.,
 LIMITED.

THE CHARING CROSS BANK. Est. 1870.
 112 and 120, Bishopsgate, Within, E.C. 4.

RUPTURE BOOK FREE.

Home Method That Has Succeeded in the Severest Cases.

PARTNERSHIPS AND FINANCIAL.

A FEW Shires for sale in a company manufacturing a new and successful material; good dividends assured.—Particulars from "P." 215, Gresham House, London, E.C.

HOW Money Makes Money: forwarded post free; without


WITNESS, without worry; no expenditure; no return; a method of investment returning profits of 15 to 20 per cent. a year, with few days of a capital of £10; more or less in proportion to capital; and upwards may be a few employees; capital entirely under own control.—J. W. Ainsworth and Co., 150 Oxford-st., Regent-circus, London.

PARTNER with £500 required by practical laundryman about to extend his business; good profit assured. Write 1290, "Daily Illustrated Mirror," 2, Carnarville St., E.C.

Mr. W. HARDING

BOARD RESIDENCE & APARTMENTS
BOARD-RESIDENCE, 120, Kennington Park-rd, S.E.

GRATIS!
FASHIONABLE RINGS FOR
RHEUMATISM

 **RHEUMATISM**
AND MANY OTHER
AILMENTS.
Medically Recommended.
To adv. false our Half-guinea "Veritas" Anti-

Rheumatic Rings we are giving a large quantity away. They stand the test of time and are made by registered
Size Card and Lists, together with our Great Offer.
The galvanic coil: these rings act on a acts on the whole
body, which acts on the blood and the nerves, and
and keeps one in perfect health. Thousands of testi-
monials. Manufacturers:
THE BRITISH RING SYNDICATE (Dept. 8),
80, New Street, Birmingham.

Small Advertisements

are received at the offices of the "Daily Illustrated Mirror" 45 and 46, New Bond Street, W., and 2, Carmelite Street, E.C.4, between the hours of 10 and 5 (Saturdays, 10 to 2), for insertion in the issue of the following day, at the rate of 12 words 1/1d. (each word afterwards). Advertisements, if sent by post, must be accompanied by Postage Orders crossed BARCLAY & CO. (stamps will not be accepted).

"Daily Illustrated Mirror" advertisers can have replies to their advertisements sent free of charge to the "Daily Illustrated Mirror" Offices, a box department having been opened for that purpose. If replies are to be forwarded, sufficient stamps to cover postage must be sent with the advertisement.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

General Servant.
GENERAL, disengaged (184); excellent references; cook, wash, &c. 112, Fargate-st., Walsall.

Companion.
LADY seeks situation as Companion, aged 30, domesticated, 5 years' experience, steady, staying salary offered, OG235, Deacon's, Leadenhall-st., E.C.

Miscellaneous.
YOUNG Lady, Companion, aged 20, with daily employment; Companion, care invalid or child; highest references. "M," care Housekeeper, 4, Oakfield-st., Clapton.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

General Servants.
GOOD strong girl, for up and down stairs; some previous experience; aged 41; at £12; all found eat; sent her; 2 in family; 3 other servants—Apply afternoon 5 to 6, to-day and Thursday, 29, Chestnut-garden, Kensington.

Useful Help or good General: 2 in family; no washing; assistance given for rough work—E. H., Sefton House, Uxbridge, Bucks.

Governess.
COMPANION-GOVERNESS wanted for little boy; stamped envelope—45, Highfield-rd., Doncaster.

Housemaid.
HOUSEMAID wanted at once; 2 in family—Apply 192, Camberwell-road, S.E.

Miscellaneous.
A BOOKKEEPER sent gratis, showing a royal road to Short-hand and accountancy; study and leading to lucrative appointments—Sloan-Duployan Academy, Ramsgate.

Barmaind wanted (small), comfortable home; apply, staying salary expected; enclose photo.—Black Swan, Guildhall-st., Cambridge.

Representative wanted by an important company, to a suitable person the remuneration will be most liberal—Address: Lark 1358, "Daily Illustrated Mirror," 2, Carmelite-st., E.C.

PER WEEK easily earned by advertisement writers; prospectus free—Page-Master Advertising School (Dept. 109), 198, Oxford-st., London W.

GARDENING.

BEGONIAS, easily grown; magnificent flowers, often 5 in. across; exhibition tubes, 6 for 1s; 12 for 1s, 3d; 24, 5d; 30, 6d; 100, 1s; 200, 1s 6d; 500, 2s 6d; 1000, 4s 6d; 2000, 8s 6d; 4000, 16s 6d; 8000, 32s 6d; 16000, 64s 6d; 32000, 128s 6d; 64000, 256s 6d; 128000, 512s 6d; 256000, 1024s 6d; 512000, 2048s 6d; 1024000, 4096s 6d; 2048000, 8192s 6d; 4096000, 16384s 6d; 8192000, 32768s 6d; 16384000, 65536s 6d; 32768000, 131072s 6d; 65536000, 262144s 6d; 131072000, 524288s 6d; 262144000, 1048576s 6d; 524288000, 2097152s 6d; 1048576000, 4194304s 6d; 2097152000, 8388608s 6d; 4194304000, 16777216s 6d; 8388608000, 33554432s 6d; 16777216000, 67108864s 6d; 33554432000, 134217728s 6d; 67108864000, 268435456s 6d; 134217728000, 536870912s 6d; 268435456000, 1073741824s 6d; 536870912000, 2147483648s 6d; 1073741824000, 4294967296s 6d; 2147483648000, 8589934592s 6d; 4294967296000, 17179869184s 6d; 8589934592000, 34359738368s 6d; 17179869184000, 68719476736s 6d; 34359738368000, 137438953472s 6d; 68719476736000, 274877906944s 6d; 137438953472000, 549755813888s 6d; 274877906944000, 1099511627776s 6d; 549755813888000, 2199023255552s 6d; 1099511627776000, 4398046511104s 6d; 2199023255552000, 8796093022208s 6d; 4398046511104000, 17592186044416s 6d; 8796093022208000, 35184372088832s 6d; 17592186044416000, 70368744177664s 6d; 35184372088832000, 140737488355328s 6d; 70368744177664000, 281474976710656s 6d; 140737488355328000, 562949953421312s 6d; 281474976710656000, 1125899906842624s 6d; 562949953421312000, 2251799813685248s 6d; 1125899906842624000, 4503599627370496s 6d; 2251799813685248000, 9007199254740992s 6d; 4503599627370496000, 18014398509481984s 6d; 9007199254740992000, 36028797018963968s 6d; 18014398509481984000, 72057594037927936s 6d; 36028797018963968000, 144115188075855872s 6d; 72057594037927936000, 288230376151711744s 6d; 144115188075855872000, 576460752303423488s 6d; 288230376151711744000, 1152921504606846976s 6d; 576460752303423488000, 2305843009213693952s 6d; 1152921504606846976000, 4611686018427387904s 6d; 2305843009213693952000, 9223372036854775808s 6d; 4611686018427387904000, 18446744073709551616s 6d; 9223372036854775808000, 36893488147419103232s 6d; 18446744073709551616000, 73786976294838206464s 6d; 36893488147419103232000, 147573952589676412928s 6d; 73786976294838206464000, 295147905179352825856s 6d; 147573952589676412928000, 590295810358705651712s 6d; 295147905179352825856000, 1180591620717411303424s 6d; 590295810358705651712000, 2361183241434822606848s 6d; 1180591620717411303424000, 4722366482869645213696s 6d; 2361183241434822606848000, 9444732965739290427392s 6d; 4722366482869645213696000, 18889465931478580854784s 6d; 9444732965739290427392000, 37778931862957161709568s 6d; 18889465931478580854784000, 75557863725914323419136s 6d; 37778931862957161709568000, 151115727451828646838272s 6d; 75557863725914323419136000, 302231454903657293676544s 6d; 151115727451828646838272000, 604462909807314587353088s 6d; 302231454903657293676544000, 1208925819614629174706176s 6d; 604462909807314587353088000, 2417851639229258349412352s 6d; 1208925819614629174706176000, 4835703278458516698824704s 6d; 2417851639229258349412352000, 9671406556917033397649408s 6d; 4835703278458516698824704000, 19342813113834066795298816s 6d; 9671406556917033397649408000, 38685626227668133590597632s 6d; 19342813113834066795298816000, 77371252455336267181195264s 6d; 38685626227668133590597632000, 154742504910672534362390528s 6d; 77371252455336267181195264000, 309485009821345068724781056s 6d; 154742504910672534362390528000, 618970019642690137449562112s 6d; 309485009821345068724781056000, 1237940039285380274899124224s 6d; 618970019642690137449562112000, 2475880078570760549798248448s 6d; 1237940039285380274899124224000, 4951760157141521099596496896s 6d; 2475880078570760549798248448000, 9903520314283042199192993792s 6d; 4951760157141521099596496896000, 19807040628566084398385987584s 6d; 9903520314283042199192993792000, 39614081257132168796771975168s 6d; 19807040628566084398385987584000, 79228162514264337593543950336s 6d; 39614081257132168796771975168000, 158456325028528675187087900672s 6d; 79228162514264337593543950336000, 316912650057057350374175801344s 6d; 158456325028528675187087900672000, 633825300114114700748351602688s 6d; 316912650057057350374175801344000, 1267650600228229401496703205376s 6d; 633825300114114700748351602688000, 2535301200456458802993406410752s 6d; 1267650600228229401496703205376000, 5070602400912917605986812821504s 6d; 2535301200456458802993406410752000, 10141204801825835211973625643008s 6d; 5070602400912917605986812821504000, 20282409603651670423947251286016s 6d; 10141204801825835211973625643008000, 40564819207303340847894502572032s 6d; 20282409603651670423947251286016000, 81129638414606681695789005144064s 6d; 40564819207303340847894502572032000, 162259276829213363391578010288128s 6d; 81129638414606681695789005144064000, 324518553658426726783156020576256s 6d; 162259276829213363391578010288128000, 649037107316853453566312041152512s 6d; 324518553658426726783156020576256000, 1298074214633706907132624082305024s 6d; 649037107316853453566312041152512000, 2596148429267413814265248164610048s 6d; 1298074214633706907132624082305024000, 5192296858534827628530496329220096s 6d; 2596148429267413814265248164610048000, 10384593717069655257060992658440192s 6d; 5192296858534827628530496329220096000, 20769187434139310514121985316880384s 6d; 10384593717069655257060992658440192000, 41538374868278621028243970633760768s 6d; 20769187434139310514121985316880384000, 83076749736557242056487941267521536s 6d; 41538374868278621028243970633760768000, 166153499473114484112975882535043072s 6d; 83076749736557242056487941267521536000, 332306998946228968225951765070086144s 6d; 166153499473114484112975882535043072000, 664613997892457936451903530140172288s 6d; 332306998946228968225951765070086144000, 1329227995784915872903807060280344576s 6d; 664613997892457936451903530140172288000, 2658455991569831745807614120560689152s 6d; 1329227995784915872903807060280344576000, 5316911983139663491615228241121378304s 6d; 2658455991569831745807614120560689152000, 10633823966279326983230456482242756608s 6d; 5316911983139663491615228241121378304000, 21267647932558653966460912964485513216s 6d; 10633823966279326983230456482242756608000, 42535295865117307932921825928971026432s 6d; 21267647932558653966460912964485513216000, 85070591730234615865843651857942052864s 6d; 42535295865117307932921825928971026432000, 170141183460469231731687303715884105728s 6d; 85070591730234615865843651857942052864000, 340282366920938463463374607431768211456s 6d; 170141183460469231731687303715884105728000, 680564733841876926926749214863536422912s 6d; 340282366920938463463374607431768211456000, 1361129467683753853853498429727072845824s 6d; 680564733841876926926749214863536422912000, 2722258935367507707706996859454145691648s 6d; 1361129467683753853853498429727072845824000, 5444517870735015415413993718908291383296s 6d; 2722258935367507707706996859454145691648000, 10889035741470030830827987437816582766592s 6d; 5444517870735015415413993718908291383296000, 21778071482940061661655974875633165533184s 6d; 10889035741470030830827987437816582766592000, 43556142965880123323311949751266331066368s 6d; 21778071482940061661655974875633165533184000, 87112285931760246646623899502532662132736s 6d; 43556142965880123323311949751266331066368000, 174224571863520493293247799005065324265472s 6d; 87112285931760246646623899502532662132736000, 348449143727040986586495598010130648530944s 6d; 174224571863520493293247799005065324265472000, 696898287454081973172991196020261297061888s 6d; 348449143727040986586495598010130648530944000, 1393796574908163946345982392040522594123776s 6d; 696898287454081973172991196020261297061888000, 2787593149816327892691964784081045188247552s 6d; 1393796574908163946345982392040522594123776000, 5575186299632655785383929568162090376495104s 6d; 2787593149816327892691964784081045188247552000, 11150372599265311570767859136324180752990208s 6d; 5575186299632655785383929568162090376495104000, 22300745198530623141535718272648361505980416s 6d; 11150372599265311570767859136324180752990208000, 44601490397061246283071436545296723011960832s 6d; 22300745198530623141535718272648361505980416000, 89202980794122492566142873090593446023921664s 6d; 44601490397061246283071436545296723011960832000, 178405961588244985132285746181186892047843328s 6d; 89202980794122492566142873090593446023921664000, 356811923176489970264571492362373784095686656s 6d; 178405961588244985132285746181186892047843328000, 713623846352979940529142984724747568191373312s 6d; 356811923176489970264571492362373784095686656000, 1427247692705959881058285969449495136382746624s 6d; 713623846352979940529142984724747568191373312000, 2854495385411919762116571938898990272765493248s 6d; 1427247692705959881058285969449495136382746624000, 5708990770823839524233143877797980545530986496s 6d; 2854495385411919762116571938898990272765493248000, 11417981541647679048466287755595961091061972992s 6d; 5708990770823839524233143877797980545530986496000, 22835963083295358096932575511191922182123945984s 6d; 11417981541647679048466287755595961091061972992000, 45671926166590716193865151022383844362247891968s 6d; 22835963083295358096932575511191922182123945984000, 91343852333181432387730302044767688724495783936s 6d; 45671926166590716193865151022383844362247891968000, 182687704666362864775460604089535377448991567872s 6d; 91343852333181432387730302044767688724495783936000, 365375409332725729550921208179070754897993135744s 6d; 182687704666362864775460604089535377448991567872000, 730750818665451459101842416358141509795986271488s 6d; 365375409332725729550921208179070754897993135744000, 1461501637330902918203684832716283019591972542976s 6d; 730750818665451459101842416358141509795986271488000, 2923003274661805836407369665432566039183945085952s 6d; 1461501637330902918203684832716283019591972542976000, 5846006549323611672814739330865132078367890171904s 6d; 2923003274661805836407369665432566039183945085952000, 11692013098647223345629478661730264157673780343808s 6d; 5846006549323611672814739330865132078367890171904000, 23384026197294446691258957323460528315347560687616s 6d; 11692013098647223345629478661730264157673780343808000, 46768052394588893382517914646921050670695121375232s 6d; 23384026197294446691258957323460528315347560687616000, 93536104789177786765035829293842101341391042750464s 6d; 46768052394588893382517914646921050670695121375232000, 187072209578355573530071658587684202682782055000928s 6d; 93536104789177786765035829293842101341391042750464000, 374144419156711147060143317175368405365564110001856s 6d; 187072209578355573530071658587684202682782055000928000, 748288838313422294120286634350736810731128220003712s 6d; 374144419156711147060143317175368405365564110001856000, 1496577676626844588240573268701473621462256440007424s 6d; 748288838313422294120286634350736810731128220003712000, 29931553532536891764811465374029472429245288800014848s 6d; 1496577676626844588240573268701473621462256440007424000, 59863107065073783529622930748058944858490577600029696s